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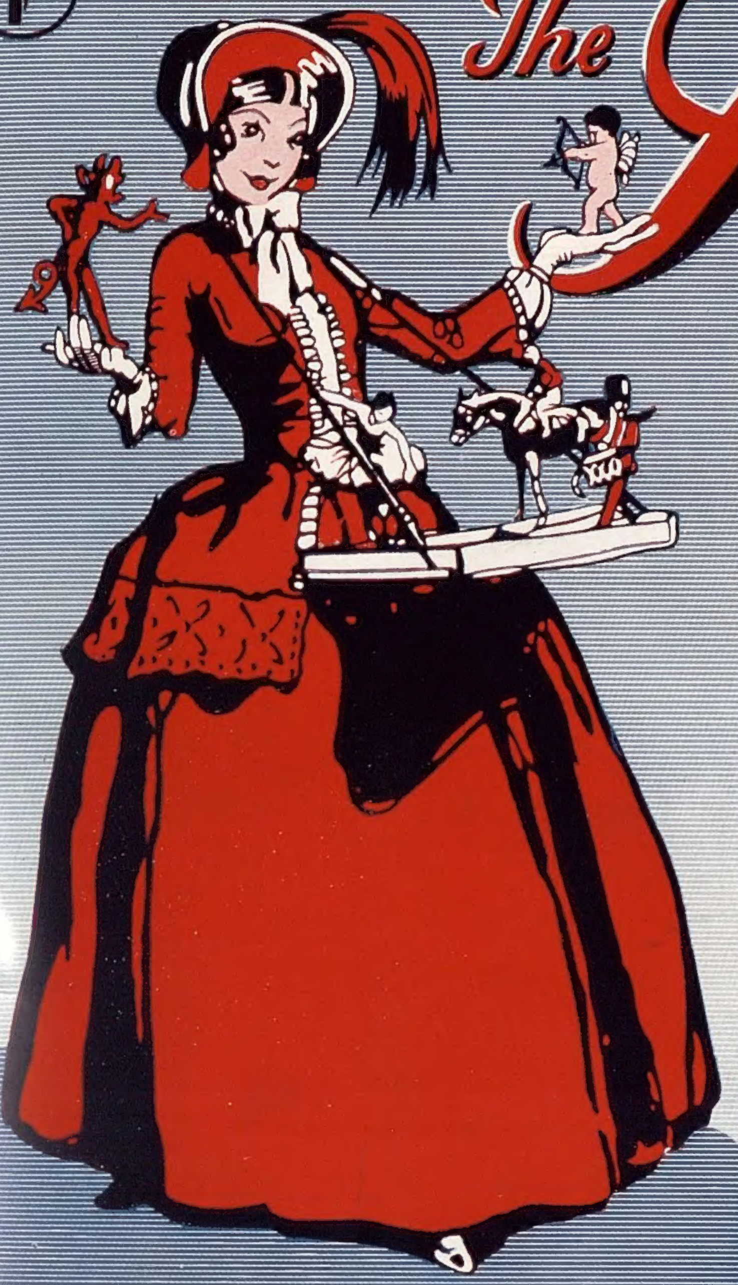

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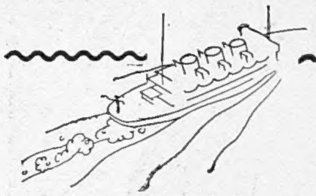

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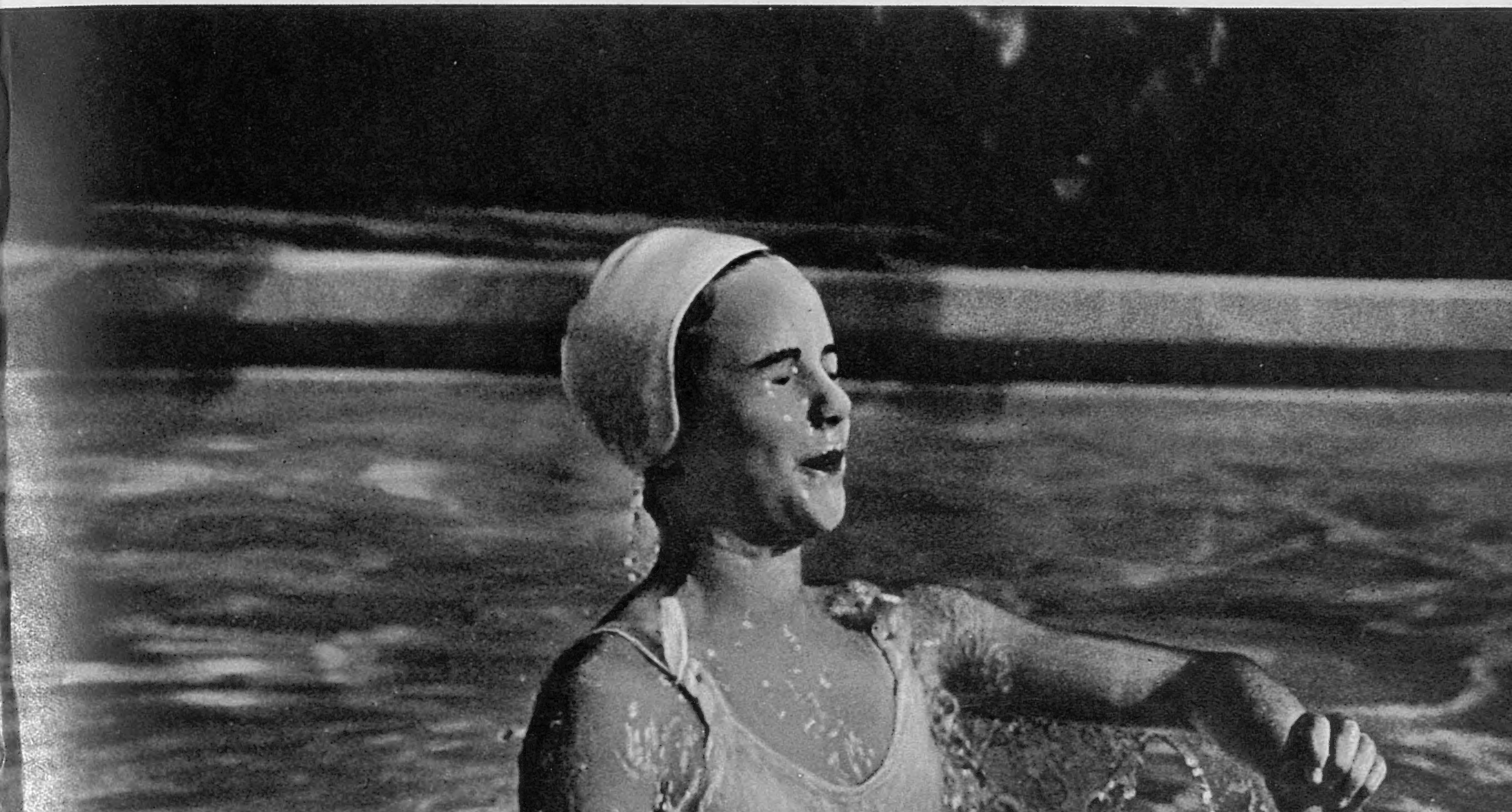
The Sketch

No. 2342—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1937. ONE SHILLING



DEANNA SURPRISED BATHING.

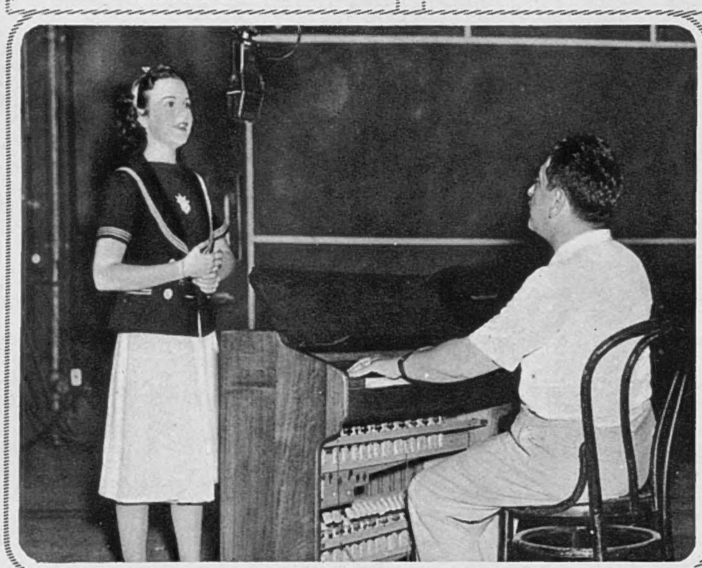
The camera surprised star DEANNA DURBIN *bathing in producer Joseph Pasternak's pool, eyes all screwed up and just looking like a jolly fifteen-year-old kid enjoying her favourite sport. Deanna, as all the world knows, is the wonderful singing girl who found herself famous after the première of "Three Smart Girls," and has made an even more impressive hit in her new picture, "100 Men and a Girl," at the Leicester Square Theatre. She's a serious little person, rather inscrutable, surprised at her own success, but enthusiastic on the subject of her art. All she wants to do is to sing and to act.*

DEANNA — THE GIRL OF "100 MEN AND A GIRL."

DEANNA DURBIN, *soprano screen-star at fifteen, doesn't look sophisticated—or feel it. On the studio push-bike she resembles a schoolgirl off to attend a class.*

A new dress for Deanna being fitted by Lorna Whittingham. The dressmaker's form which bears Deanna's name has to be changed often, as she grows one and a quarter inches between pictures.

DEANNA DURBIN, *born at Winnipeg, was "discovered" at the age of thirteen by the radio and the movies. Though she looks and behaves like a girl of fifteen, she has a fully matured soprano voice.*



DEANNA *sings first for the sound track, and later her voice is introduced to the silent screen. She is here having a song recorded.*

DEANNA *of "100 Men and a Girl," at the Leicester Square Theatre, here surveys her time-schedule for a week when* SHE IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE WORKING! *It seems pretty full all the same!*

"Like this"—DIRECTOR HENRY KOSTER *shows* DEANNA DURBIN *how a particular gesture should be performed. She watches with concentration.*

"That's it"—DIRECTOR HENRY KOSTER *approves of the way* DEANNA DURBIN *now does it. He and producer Joseph Pasternak are the two men who share honours with her over her pictures.*

LADY PLYMOUTH'S "BLUE BIRD" AFTERNOON PARTY.

LADY O'NEILL *was one of the guests at the party for the Blue Bird Ball. She was Miss Ann Charteris.*

The COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH, *who is a Vice-Chairman of the Ball, and the* EARL OF PLYMOUTH *were the host and hostess at the party to discuss final plans. Side-shows at the dance will include the Blue Bird Lucky Dip, Quest of the Blue Bird, Fishing for Fizz, and other contests.*

MR. D. STAGNI *and* MISS DIANA TYRWHITT-DRAKE *are seen in conversation in Lady Plymouth's drawing-room.*

Right: MISS DIANA BARNATO, *a member of the Ball Committee, is seen talking to the* HON. JOHN FERMOR-HESKETH.

MISS GLORIA GORDON *and* MISS EDITH LAMBART, *members of the Committee of the Blue Bird Ball, fixed for to-morrow, December 16, at Claridge's, in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children, were very high-hatted at the party given by the Countess of Plymouth to discuss plans.*

Left: MISS MOLLIE SULLIVAN, *another young Committee member, wore a hat shaped like a Russian kokoshnik.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

CHIN CHIN!

THERE has been some controversy lately—unseemly controversy, in my opinion—about the exact configuration of Mr. Bertie Wooster's chin. The suggestion has been made that it is an opisthognathous chin. If you look up this adjective in your dictionary, you probably will not find it; but you can take it from me that it is a pedantic and cowardly way of insinuating that Bertie has a receding chin, or, to put it more plainly, that he is known among the Eggs as The Chinless Wonder.

The charge, instead of being repudiated—as one would have expected—by Mr. Wodehouse, is admitted by him in a letter to *The Times*. He says, quite bluntly—in fact, brutally—that " a fishlike face has always been hereditary in the Wooster family." The best he can say of Bertie's chin is that, by comparison with the chins of Freddie Widgeon, Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright, Augustus Fink-Nottle, and most other Fruit, Pips and Beans of the Drones Club, it " seems to stick out like the ram of a battleship."

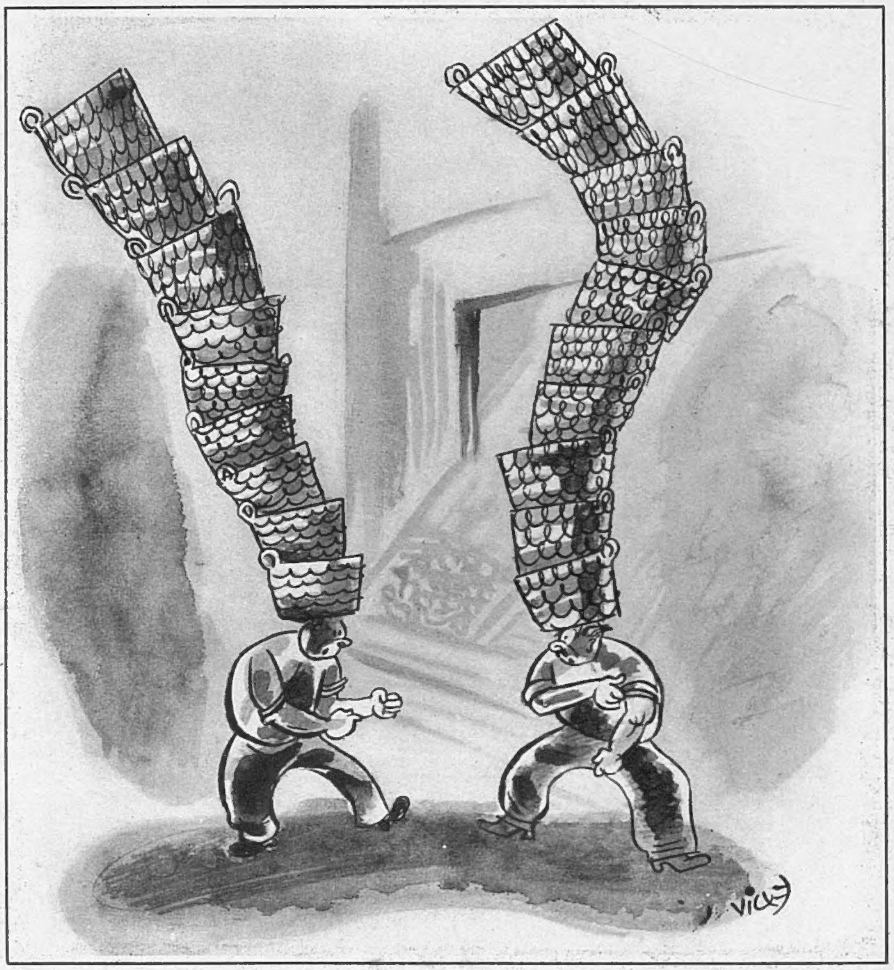
To me, all this is in very bad taste. The Woosters, as you will doubtless remember, are a proud race. One of Bertram's many admirable characteristics is that he never forgets that *noblesse oblige*. In many a difficult situation his conduct has been guided by what " we Woosters " would do in the circumstances. It is undeniable that following the family tradition in a spot of bother has invariably landed him in a still larger spot of bother, but that is not the point; one likes to see a thoroughbred run true to form, and I think that Bertie can claim, with all due modesty, that he has invariably been a Wooster through and through—always subject, of course, to the tempering influence of Jeeves. It must, therefore, be very painful to Bertie to have all the fish-like or scaly qualities of the family bandied about in the Press. Every family has a receding chin in the cupboard, but persons of discretion do not dwell on the fact. There are worse faces than those of fish—for example, those of mandrils, or of blue-crested (I *think* it's " crested," isn't it?) baboons, or even of alligators, llamas, adjutant-birds, duck-billed platypuses, and many other fauna. Personally, I should much rather have a face like a hake than a face like a snake. Anyhow, what business is it of ours? Who is Mr. Wodehouse to sit in judgment on an Egg? No! I think Bertie is entitled to regard all this discussion of private family matters as nothing but a bit of Wooster Sauce.

And, anyhow, even if Bertie's chin *does* recede, what of it? Why should there be such a prejudice against people with receding chins? It seems to me that these misjudged persons are often more chinned against than chinning. There is no evidence that all the great men of history have had chins like the rams of battleships, which Mr. Wodehouse seems to admire so much. I beg to point out that there is no inconsistency between a receding chin and a majestic, dome-like brow. A conspicuous illustration of this fact is William Shakespeare himself—and I presume nobody would call *him* a Potter-Pirbright? Why did Shakespeare grow a peculiar little beard? If you look at his portraits, you will see the reason at once. He undoubtedly had a receding chin. And yet he had a brow like the Taj Mahal.

Of course, it has been denied that Shakespeare ever had a beard. It is sometimes stated that the portraits of him are merely imaginary. This is nonsense, because there is a great deal of internal evidence in Shakespeare's plays that he had a beard. For example, there is the well-known reference in " As You Like It " to being " bearded like the pard." Now, who ever heard of a " pard "? It may be all right in Wild West films, but it is no sort of word for an Elizabethan dramatist. There is obviously a corruption of the text here, and critics are now generally agreed that the true reading is, " bearded like the Bard." What could be more conclusive? Then again, in " Hamlet," Horatio says of the Ghost: " He wore his beaver up." All the best critics are agreed that this is one of the numerous autobiographical references in Shakespeare.

Very well, then—if Shakespeare wore a beard, as seems certain, *why* did he wear a beard? It is not the sort of thing which anybody would do unless he had some strong, and probably discreditable, reason. The only possible reason Shakespeare could have had was a receding chin, which his portraits have not been able to conceal completely. If you don't think this very convincing reasoning, let me assure you that it is quite as convincing as a good many of the things which are said about Shakespeare by very learned persons.

Shakespeare, then, is an example of Genius without Chin. Instances might be multiplied. I mean by that, of course, that I can't remember any other instance, but I am sure that there must be one somewhere, if I could only think of it.

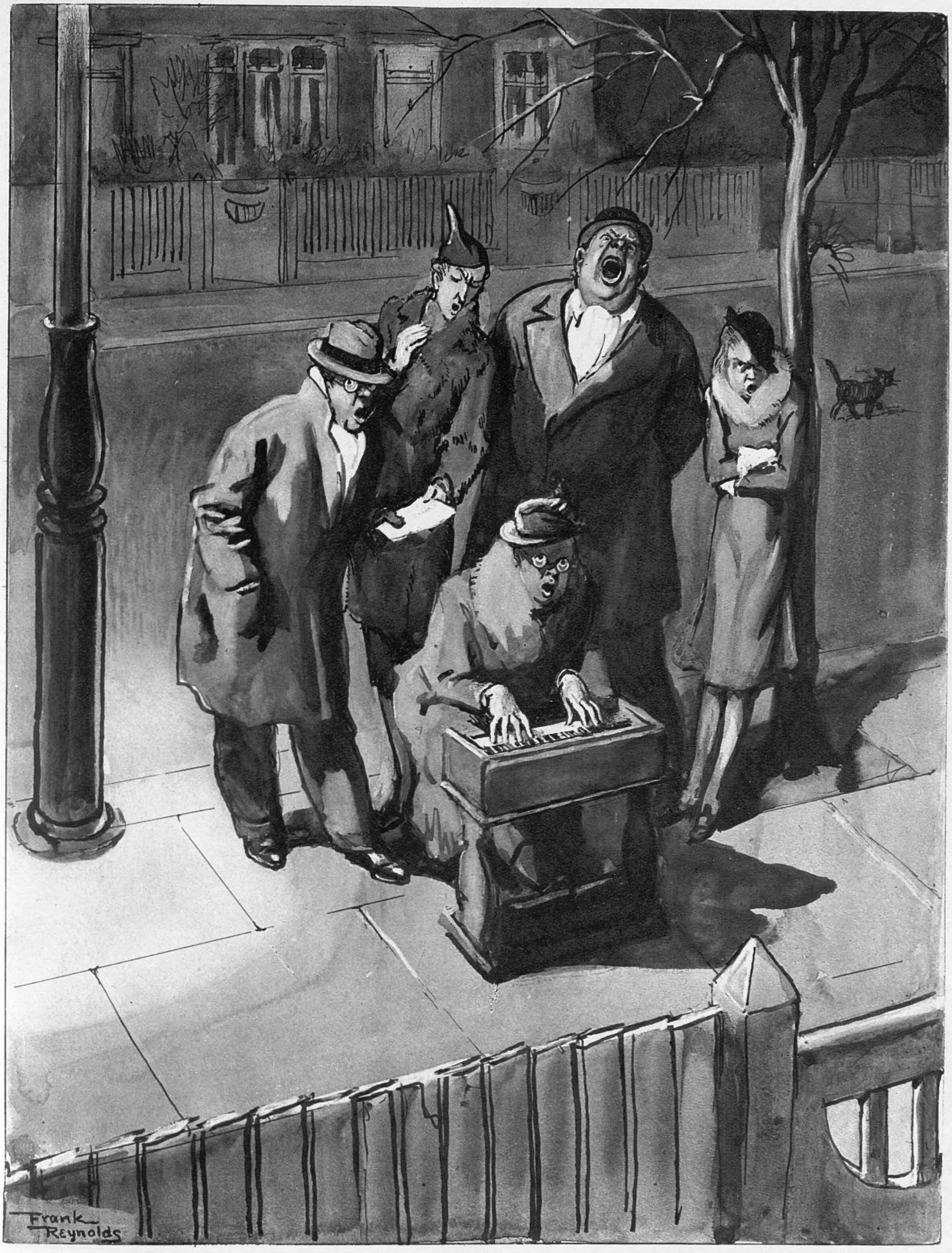


"NOW, LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT."

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Why a long chin should be any more a sign of noble character than, say, a long nose, I fail to understand. There are many advantages in a receding chin. It does not stick into the collar. It is less time and less trouble to shave. It is less vulnerable in case of accident or attack than a chin with knobs and angles all over it. After all, a face has to end somewhere—and very often the sooner the better—and it is better for it to retire gracefully and gradually into the neck than to jut out suddenly and go all surrealist. Another very important point is that if you haven't got a single chin, you can never have a double chin, which is an enormous comfort in middle age. If the jutting or Duce chin is such a sign of character, then I suppose Mr. Punch is the masculine ideal? Ask Judy. Ask the hangman. Or, as far as that goes, ask Old Nick. A man with a Wooster chin could never have behaved as Mr. Punch behaved. We Woosters do not beat our wives.

Come to think of it, my own chin is not noticeably on the battleship model. But that, of course, does not affect my view of the *principle*.



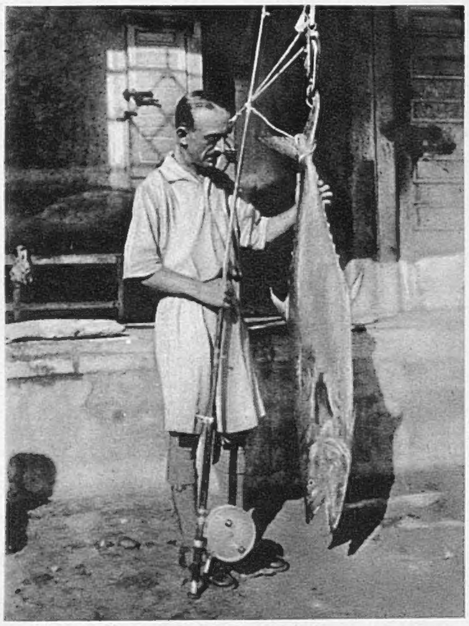
THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mrs. Bristlewood and party bring "Tidings of Great Joy" to Mimosa Road.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

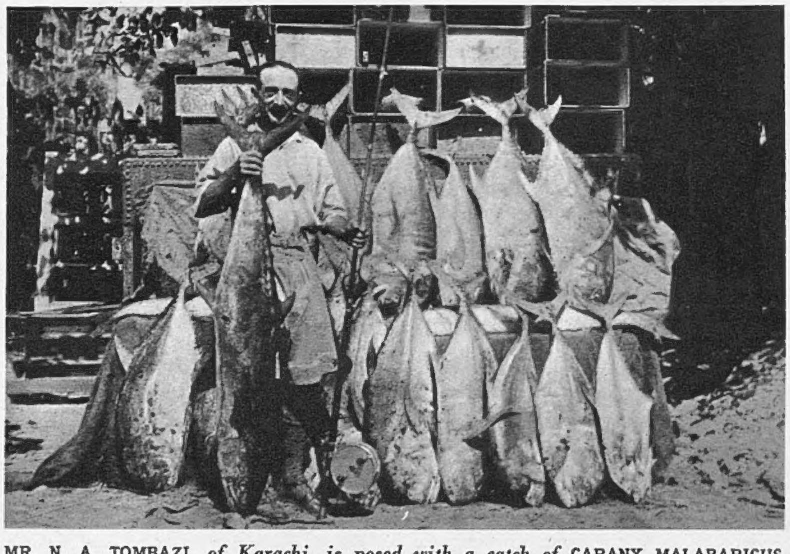
IN *The Sketch* of Nov. 10, I referred to the controversy on the River Wye in consequence of the poor season in 1937. Dissatisfaction was expressed with the netting policy of the Executive Committee, and a resolution to the effect that netting should be stopped during 1938, except on three stations, was moved by Sir Laurence Phillips, Bt., and passed by a large majority. At a further meeting of the Board of Conservators to receive the report of the Executive Committee on this resolution, an alternative suggestion was put forward that netting should be restricted until May 1. Colonel Sir Charles Venables Llewelyn, Bt., in proposing the alternative resolution, said that to stop netting altogether was too drastic, and with too many fish on the spawning beds harm would be done to the river. Sir Laurence Phillips seconded the resolution, although he still maintained that the nets should be taken off altogether to bring the river to its highest sporting level. A unanimous vote reflected the success of this compromise, and a suggestion by Mr. G. L. Clay that any netsmen thrown out of work might be employed as gillies met with general approval.



MR. N. A. TOMBAZI *is here posed with a* 43-LB. SURMAI *(Cybium Guttatum), of the tunny family, caught on a Hardy "Sea Silex" reel and 300 yards of 39 thread line. "The surmai," he writes, "is a splendid fighter, and leaps out of the water in its effort to get free."*

A Fish's Neck.

At the Plymouth Laboratory, the Assistant-Director, Mr. E. Ford, has been carrying out an investigation on the vertebral variation in teleostean fishes, and has written a very learned report in the Journal of the Marine Biological Association. Among other interesting facts, he shows that the anterior end of the backbone of a fish is modified to act in much the same way as a neck does in the higher vertebrates. For example, the humble haddock can turn its head to the right or left, and upwards, but, strangely enough, it cannot bend it downwards without rupturing the intervertebral ligament. The sand-eel has a kind of ball-and-socket joint for a neck, and can move its head in any direction. Equally fortunate are the fresh-water eel, the conger, and the anchovy. Mr. Ford suggests that the burrowing habits of the sand-eel may be connected with the flexible arrangement of its neck, and wonders whether a similar association can be demonstrated with the other three fishes. It certainly can with the fresh-water eel, which buries itself in the mud during the winter, and probably with the anchovy, as the latter is sometimes taken with sand-eels, and has also been taken in a shrimp-trawl on a sandy bottom. There is little doubt that the conger can also burrow if the occasion demands, for it will work itself well into the sand under a rock if left stranded in a pool as the tide recedes. Mr. Ford's investigations promise to throw new light on the evolution of fishes, for his study of fishes' backbones has convinced him that he is close to the great fundamental questions in zoology.



MR. N. A. TOMBAZI, *of Karachi, is posed with a catch of* CARANX MALABARICUS *of an average weight of 37 lb. apiece, the biggest weighing 54 lb. The total catch was 955 lb. in a day. The two photographs sent by Mr. Tombazi were taken on a fishing trip off the coast some thirty miles west of Karachi.*

By Killarney's Lakes and Fells.

An ambitious scheme to turn Killarney into a sportsman's paradise has the enthusiastic support of Viscount Castlerosse, and, with his weight behind it, the scheme should make rapid progress. The idea is to make a golf-course, improve the fishing, and to build a comfortable and spacious clubhouse. The townspeople of Killarney approached Viscount Castlerosse, and he has had Mr. Henry Longhurst and Sir Guy Campbell to examine the site for the proposed golf-course near the lower lake. Both agree that it will make an ideal course. As to the fishing, Viscount Castlerosse visualises restocking the lakes with half-a-million to two million trout annually from a hatchery. His idea of allowing the trout to average 2 lb. in weight before putting them into the lake is magnificent. I doubt if he realises what the food-bill would be to raise even half-a-million trout to an average weight of 2 lb., or the size of the hatchery that would be required. However, with modifications, this part of the scheme will doubtless improve the fishing, and personally I am very glad to hear of the project, as any development of sporting facilities is very welcome.

This LARGE MALE SKATE, *weighing 116 lb., was caught off Eastbourne on November 27 by Mr. G. G. Reed, who killed one of 169 lb. last year—a record for the district.*

Pike's Teeth.

As a reason for pike not feeding, some anglers have been known to argue that it is because the pike have shed their teeth, and are suffering from sore gums. No one knows much about pike's teeth, except that they are confoundedly sharp if you get your fingers near them; so the argument was never quashed as it deserved to be. The only time a pike is off the feed is when it has eaten enough—probably too much—and at spawning time. Apparently the sore gums argument was a good deal more popular in America than here, for Dr. Carl Hubbs, curator of the Michigan Museum, heard it so often he decided to find out how much truth there was in it. At the Museum they had numbers of preserved pike of all ages, and caught during most months of the year. With the help of his assistant and secretary, 188 pikes' jaws were examined. Only with the large teeth of the lower jaw did they find any obvious sign of tooth-shedding, but this was soon found to be happening all the year round. No pike had a complete set, all had about four teeth missing, and these were no doubt in course of replacement.—R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

"HUMOUR IS A KIND OF GROWTH. SOME DOCTORS RECOMMEND AN OPERATION; OTHERS GET IT DOWN BY MASSAGE."

"THE DOCTOR IS INTOXICATING MY MOTHER EVERY WEEK. HE SAYS SHE NEEDS IT REGULARLY."

"THE DOCTOR FELT THE PATIENT'S PURSE."

"A SPA IS WHERE PEOPLE DRINK BATH WATER."

WE here continue our series of genuine "howlers" perpetrated by schoolchildren and specially chosen for illustration by that brilliant draughtsman EDMUND BLAMPIED. We hope that they will enliven life for our readers throughout the dreary days of our English winter, and add yet further merriment to the sum of their Christmas cheer. The howlers have been selected from his collection by MR. CECIL HUNT, who, in his time, has gathered enough to fill many volumes.

MR. BRIAN MOUNTAIN, *as Wilkinson's Razors, won a first prize for originality.*

MAJOR MARCUSE, *as Younger's Ale, was awarded a prize.*

MRS. W. BARNATO *appeared as "Elizabeth Arden."*

LORD DECIES, *as Bovril, was one of the guests at Mrs. Doris Walter's party. Every guest was asked to represent some well-known national advertisement.*

Right: MR. *and* MRS. TURNER LORD, *as "My goodness, my Guinness!" They were prize-winners.*

MR. RICHARD HEARNE, *the comedian, as Guinness for Strength, won a first prize.*

MRS. STANHOPE JOEL, *who represented our own* "MISS SKETCH" *at the original birthday party given by Mrs. Doris Walter, won the* FIRST PRIZE FOR LADIES.

"MISS SKETCH" WINS FIRST PRIZE AT A PARTY!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

H.E. THE DANISH MINISTER, COUNT AHLEFELDT-LAURVIG, *had a farewell party at the Café de Paris the other evening. Our group shows* MISS M. E. WEISWEILLER *(centre; nearest camera), and (round the table; clockwise)* MR. DAVID WRONTON, MR. LIONEL EDWARDS, *the* DOWAGER LADY BARLOW, THE HOST, MISS BURBIDGE, MR. F. BRAMSNAES, MISS B. TYBJERG, COUNTESS INGEGERG AHLEFELDT, *daughter of the Danish Minister, and* MR. PETER FRASER.

LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN *and* MR. TERENCE WELDON *were at the Café de Paris the other evening. She is the younger daughter of the Earl of Bradford.*

The HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER *was with her sister,* COUNTESS CADOGAN *(centre), and* EARL CADOGAN *on the same occasion.*

Left: MR. FRANCIS FRANCIS, *the well-known golfer, was partnered by* MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS *(formerly Miss Sunny Jarman).*

Right: MR. KEN HOMAN *was snapped dancing with* MRS. MURRAY SMITH, *formerly Miss Ulrica Thynne.*

DANCING DECEMBER IN LONDON.

THE 4TH NORTHAMPTONSHIRES.

The new title of this regiment is THE 50TH SEARCHLIGHT A.A. BN. (NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGT.), R.E. (T.A.). *They are direct descendants of the 1st Volunteer Bn. Northamptonshire Regiment, raised in 1859. The recent annual dinner took place twenty years after the magnificent stand by the "4th" against the Turks at Wilhelma, on the Jaffa-Jerusalem line in 1917, when they broke the Turkish attack. They were at the landing at Suvla in 1915; and in the three battles of Gaza in 1916, their heroism being commemorated by the Northampton Mound—shown on all official maps. General Sir John Brown ("J. B.") has been with the Battalion for over 20 years, and was awarded the D.S.O. after the Battle of Wilhelma.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. BATLLES.

WIFE OF THE RICHEST CAMBRIDGE FELLOW.

LADY ROTHSCHILD *is the wife of the third Lord Rothschild, who is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and probably the richest Cambridge Fellow in the history of the University. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hutchinson ; and married Lord Rothschild (then Mr. Nathaniel Victor Rothschild) in 1933. He succeeded his uncle, the second Lord Rothschild, this year. It will be remembered that when Lord Rothschild sold the Rothschild silver and contents of 148, Piccadilly, in April, the total realised was £125,263.*

SOCIALITES AS ANGELS "LA DAMOISELLE ÉLUE"

A performance of "LA DAMOISELLE ÉLUE" *was given at Londonderry House last week in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Miss Olga Lynn produced the concert and the artists were Miss Maggie Teyte, Miss Noel Murphy, and the Boyd-Neel Orchestra, conducted by Boyd-Neel. Many well-known amateurs also took part. Our group, taken at rehearsal, includes the* HON. KARIS MOND *(centre; kneeling),* LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT *(left; holding vase), and* MISS AURIOL HARBORD *(in front of left wing of triptych). Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain and the Infanta Maria Cristina attended the performance.*

LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT, *married daughter of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, as a kneeling angel.*

LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS, *daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry, who is engaged to Count John de Bendern, as an angel.*

Right: VISCOUNTESS RATENDONE, *daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Willingdon, as one of the choir of angels.*

Left: MRS. FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD *as one of the choir of angels.*

AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE: GIVEN TO HELP THE BLIND.

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET *(r.), one of the choir of angels, being made up by* MISS VIRGINIA GILLIATT.

The HON. KARIS MOND, *ten-year-old daughter of Lord Melchett, as an angel.*

MISS AURIOL HARBORD *was a kneeling angel.*

Left: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE *sang the title-rôle.*

Right: VISCOUNTESS MOORE, *daughter-in-law of the Earl of Drogheda, as one of the choir of angels.*

TALES WITH A STING.

SNOB SONG.

By JOHN RATHO.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*.

STAYING with Elwyn was really most enjoyable, decided George, as he watched the footman pulling back the curtains of his bedroom. The servant went quietly about his work, setting a brass jug of hot water on the wash-stand, and collecting the evening clothes which had been carelessly thrown down the night before. As he approached the bed, George hurriedly shut his eyes—to open them again almost immediately, feigning dignified sleepiness.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Sir. It's half-past eight, Sir. Shall I run your bath?"

"Oh, thanks, yes. D'you know what time we're starting?"

"His Grace ordered the cars for eleven o'clock, Sir." And with that he left the room, leaving George to his reflections. Eleven o'clock—there was no hurry. He could enjoy another lazy five minutes in bed before he need set about getting up. His eyes travelled over the comfortable room and sun-filled windows. Yes, it was very pleasant staying with Elwyn. The food was excellent, the bed comfortable and the gardens a dream: and Elwyn was a jolly good chap and a charming host. George stretched his arms above his head luxuriously as he remembered the footman's words, "His Grace . . ." Yes, it was all really very nice.

To-day the party was breaking up. Some were moving on, with the Duke, to his sister's, who owned one of the show-places of the Highlands; others to various parts of Scotland. George was going with Elwyn and his hostess. The remainder of the party consisted of Virginia Power, the American actress, whose divorce had just gone through, resulting in Virginia's present high spirits; Barney Llandilo, the eighth Earl, and who, gossip said, would be Virginia's third husband.

True, the house-party had included others—the Bassets, for example: he a successful K.C. and she as efficient at bridge as she was at marrying-off a family of unexciting daughters. An annoying woman, decided George, and something of a snob. Her remark: "If I had been a boy and my mother had been a boy, I should be Duke of Shropshire," had made all London laugh two seasons before. All her daughters were married, impressively if not idyllically, save the youngest, Jean. Pretty, even beautiful, her obvious sincerity had stood out in sharp contrast to the amusing shallowness of the other guests. But when one is accustomed to insincerity, and suddenly finds someone who means and feels what they say, one's reaction, often enough, is apt to be boredom, decided George; and, pretty though Jean Basset was, a bore was all she succeeded in being. But she was pleasant enough company for a short time—and her liking for George was none the less flattering for being real . . .

The footman returned with the information that the bath-water was ready. Two minutes later George was getting out of bed—and his day had begun.

When he went downstairs George found that he was not the first. Usually the women breakfasted in their rooms, but to-day Jean and her mother were already down.

"Good morning, George," brightly from Jean.

"Good morning, Mr. Heywood Baker," frigidly from her mother.

"I say, that's a bit of a mouthful," grinned Barney Llandilo from the depths of his melon. "Call him George—besides, double-barrelled names should be abolished, anyway." The last rather rudely, for he had no liking for George, who was about to explain that he called himself Heywood Baker to distinguish himself from the Downshire Bakers, who were, apparently, most undesirable. But feeling that it was not quite the right moment to enter into a genealogical discussion, he busied himself with his coffee. Soon after, Elwyn appeared and there was a chorus of "Good mornings." A moment later he said:

"George, old boy, you're coming on to Diana's, aren't you?"

"That was the idea."

"Well, you see, Virginia wants to try out my car—she's thinking of getting one like it—and there isn't really room for six in it, as I think Dixon should come to tell her about its innards. I thought that if you didn't mind, you could make your own way to Inverlynn, where we could meet you for lunch, and Virginia can go on from there to Glenbogles. There are quite good trains, I believe, one that leaves here about twelve o'clock. It's a bit of a bore——"

"Not at all, Elwyn. I'll get the twelve o'clock. It makes no odds with me."

Here Jean broke into the conversation.

"We can take you as far as Inverlynn, if you like—can't we, mother?"

Lady Basset said she would be delighted, although she looked as if it had been suggested that she should take arsenic, far less George Heywood Baker.

"That's awfully good of you, Lady Basset," said George gratefully, for he had no desire to spend an hour and a half in a train while others were motoring. And Elwyn clinched the affair with a cheery "Well, that's settled."

Settled it was, and at eleven o'clock they started. Virginia Power at the wheel of Elwyn's Rolls, with Dixon, the chauffeur, at her side. Behind sat Elwyn, his Duchess, and my Lord of Llandilo, full of cheerful prayers to Virginia for his safety. In the second car, the Bassets' comfortable tourer, were Sir John and his lady, Jean and George. Above, the sky was cloudless, and far to the east, over the chequered hillsides, lay the blue glint of the sea. The road to the north lay smooth and straight before them.

In the tourer Jean and George chatted for a while, but the severe silence of Lady Basset and the snores of her husband soon made conversation difficult, and after a while they were silent. As the telegraph-poles sped behind the car, George's thoughts flew back to the years, long ago now, when it would have been a treat to him even to sit in a car, far less to ride in one. He remembered himself as George Baker, an office boy, immersed in the Edwardian novelettes of high life; his avid perusal of the society weeklies. And in those far-off days he had sworn an oath: some day the world would read his name coupled with the names of the great and famous. To-day he smiled at his early ambitions, but Fate had certainly played into his hands. The death of an uncle in Australia had brought him money—not much, but enough—and had added Heywood to his name. A natural ability to play games and make himself pleasant won him many friends, and his friendship with Elwyn, whom he had met during the war, made him, in the jargon of the day, "Socially O.K." And to be socially O.K. was the one thing George had always most desired.

The countryside fled by—the smiling green fields of the lowlands, with here and there a white cluster of farm buildings, surrounded by a neat garden full of late roses and a froth of Dorothy Perkins. It was all very nice and peaceful—until one of the front tyres went flat.

The chauffeur got down to change the wheel, Sir John woke testily from his sleep, and Lady Basset started complaining about the trials of modern life. To escape this, Jean and George climbed out and sat on the bank. They had not been there for five seconds before a woman appeared from the other side of the hedge and bade them "Good morning." She was old and very dirty, and dressed in ancient, evil-smelling finery, with a scarlet handkerchief knotted round her brown neck.

Jean greeted her gaily and agreed that it was a lovely day. Lady Basset poked her head out of the car, and called out to her, send the dirty old thing away or she would catch something. The old crone laughed, a high, witch-like laugh, and held out her hand, unabashed.

"Read ye hand, pretty lady?" George was for sending her about her business, but Jean gave her a shilling, and held out her hand. The gypsy clawed at it, and after a moment's thought, mumbled out a conventional future.

They both laughed, and the old woman joined in.

"Ye may well laugh—it's ornery enough—but 'twill be as I say." Then, looking at George: "Tell ye precious fortune, gentleman?"

"Send the old woman away!" broke in Lady Basset from the depths of the car. "I can smell her from here."

The gypsy chuckled and repeated her words to George.

[Continued on page xii.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

This group of aristocratic "peasants" at the "PEASANT BALL IN OLD SALZBURG" *held by H.E. the Austrian Minister at the Austrian Legation, in aid of Austrian charities, consists of* MONSIEUR STRASSNI, MR. KURT GOTTLIEB, LORD BROWNLOW, COUNT CZERNIN, LADY BROWNLOW *(fourth from right)*, MADAME STRASSNI, *the* DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND *(second from right)*, MADAME HASS, *and* MRS. GWYNNE.

Left:
The beautiful BARONESS GISELA VON KRIEGER *and* LORD HOWLAND, *elder son of the Marquess of Titchfield and grandson of the Duke of Bedford, were among the young dancers.*

Right:
H.E. BARON FRANCKENSTEIN, *the Austrian Minister, was the host and received the guests. He wore a Tyrolean peasant dress and a green hat with a huge brim.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FAYER OF VIENNA, GROSVENOR STREET.

H.E. THE AUSTRIAN PEASANT-HOST AND SOME GUESTS.

SOCIETY PEASANTS OF OLD SALZBURG

MISS SEPHA TREBLE, *the well-known dancer and revue star, was an enchanting figure in her costume for the ball.*

This group shows (l. to r.) MADAME STRASSNI, COUNT CZERNIN, BARONESS ROSENFELD, *the* DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER, PRINCE TASSILO FÜRSTENBURG, *with the dead chamois which he carried over his shoulder in true peasant style, and* MAJOR FOSTER.

MLLE. LILIAN BAELS *and* PRINCE FREDERICK WINDISCH-GRAETZ *were among the dancers.*

EARL POULETT *and* LADY FRASER, *the wife of Sir Keith Fraser, Bt., are the two " peasants " in this photograph.*

MISS ROSEMARY VON PASSAVANT, MR. J. H. VILLIERS, MRS. KERR, MR. EL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FAYE

AT THE AUSTRIAN LEGATION BALL.

The aristocratic peasants who danced at the ball included MISS MASIREVICH, *daughter of the Hungarian Minister,* LADY MABEL FOX-STRANGWAYS, COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER, PRINCESS MARY WINDISCH-GRAETZ, PRINCE KONSTANTIN LIECHTENSTEIN, *and* PRINCE WINDISCH-GRAETZ.

MISS ANN CHRISTIAN *looked very attractive in her Austrian peasant dress of the time of Maria Theresa.*

PASSAVANT, MR. BERKELEY VILLIERS, MISS HELEN *and* MR. CURRY *are in this group.*

VIENNA, GROSVENOR STREET.

MRS. JOSEPH MACKLE, *a well-known figure in London society, with* MR. ROBERT WHITFIELD.

MISS MARIA ELSNER *was one of the Viennese artists who entertained the guests.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MISS MARY STEVENSON, *only daughter of the late Sir Malcolm Stevenson and of the Hon. Lady Stevenson, is engaged to Mr. Lucien John Kirby, of Albert Court, Kensington, and Bellingham, Washington, U.S.A.*

THE Austrian Legation and Londonderry House share honours in last week's pleasure chart. Both were the scene of highly successful entertainments to which all London flocked. At Londonderry House we had the lovely concert in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, at which "La Damoiselle Élue" was given, with our loveliest as angels, and their parents, fiancés or their husbands assembled in the admiring audience.

I must explain that a triptych frame was set up at the end of the famous Londonderry House picture-gallery, with Maggie Teyte in the centre as the Blessed Damozel, and the choir of angels grouped round. The lighting effects were excellent. Exquisite deep blue came on at the back and then melted into brilliant sunshine. Lady Boynton was in charge, and she is indeed to be congratulated.

The first part of the programme was given by the Boyd-Neel Orchestra, and consisted of some Handel and Mozart, followed by eight Elizabethan dances. While this was in progress in the gallery a chattering and hubbub was going on below—but fortunately no echo of it could be heard in the "auditorium." Miss "Oggie" Lynn kept saying "Quiet, please," as if all the lovely socialites were mere schoolgirls; and then the whispers and murmurs died down for a bit.

It was not surprising that there was a good deal of chat and giggling over dressing the angels, for it's not easy for even the most graceful of us to move around in a thick crowd when wearing stiff wings and great golden halos without doing a bit of bumping and wing-catching, but in the end every heavenly choir-girl was dressed, made-up, and marshalled into place, and Miss "Oggie" Lynn, C.-in-C. of the angelic host, must have breathed a sigh of relief!

. . .

The audience was exceptionally *chic.* Lord and Lady Carisbrooke and the Infanta Maria Cristina (looking very like her mother, and extremely pretty in white, with touches of jade green) were there, and I saw Mrs. Aubrey Cartwright, in a backless dress and a half-wreath of real tuberoses; Lady Annaly, in a nice pink-and-gold frock; and Lady Diana Cooper, orchid-bedecked and in a pale chiffon dress. Lady Juliet Duff, in black velvet and diamonds, and Mrs. Richard Warde (the former Muriel Wilson, of Tranby Croft) were among the handsomest women present, and I thought that Lady Enniskillen looked very well with a rose-red feather cape over her shoulders. The Austrian Minister, talking about his ball and concert; the Derwents—she in her blue-sequined veil held by gay flowers on her auburn curls—and the Brazilian Minister and his attractive wife, Mme. Régis de Oliveira, and their popular daughter, Sylvia, were also to be seen.

. . . . . .

Talking of the Brazilian Ambassador leads me to his excellent afternoon musical party at the Brazilian Embassy, which opened the social doings of the week. This was a real "crush," with one artist only, the Brazilian pianist, Maria Antonia de Castro, to entertain the guests. Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain was there, with the Infanta, her Majesty in brown velvet, with a hat turned right up at the side, with a long brown quill. Baron Franckenstein looked in; Frau von Ribbentrop sat listening to the music rather than chattering to friends in the intervals, and the decorative side of the party was enhanced by the appearance of the Minister for Saudi Arabia and the wife of the Chinese Ambassador, Mme. Quo Tai, who came in their respective national dresses.

MISS SUZANNE LYLE, *younger daughter of Sir Leonard Lyle, Bt., is engaged to Mr. Thomas Skryme, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Skryme, of Thornby Court, Palace Gate.*

MISS PATRICIA HAMBRO, *youngest daughter of the late Major-General Sir Percy Hambro, K.B.E., C.B., and of Lady Hambro, is engaged to Mr. John Scott Limnel Lyon, eldest son of Major C. G. Lyon.*

. . .

People go to all parts of London for shows o' nights. Lady Louis Mountbatten journeyed to Harringay the other evening to watch an ice-hockey match, with Lady Brecknock, who had organised it for a charity. The latter was in evening dress, but wore a very thick, warm brown "country" coat. However, when she made presentations at the end of the match she did an almost complete change, as she donned a *chic* little black cap and a long and lovely black Persian lamb coat. Lady Louis Mountbatten wore one of the new square-shouldered coats of silver fox. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Lord Brecknock, Sir Alfred Beit, Sir Gerald and Lady Fiona Fuller were also there, so it was gala night in Harringay. When these Mayfair-ites got home again, Lady Louis entertained them at supper at Brook House.

. . . . . .

Then I found time to look in at London's first "heuriger" party, given in one of our newest restaurants to mark the arrival of the first vintage of the year. An enormous cask of white wine was sent over specially from Germany and kept at the same temperature all the time. This was served out in the same sort of filter on each table. You put your glass underneath and press until the wine flows in. Everything was very Central European, with Marlova singing Viennese songs, and quite a charming air of gaiety pervaded the party. Lady Ursula Stewart was at one of the tables, in deep purple velvet, with violets in her hair and her nails varnished a deep shade to tone. Lady Elizabeth Townshend looked well in pale blue, with white flowers in her hair, and I also saw Prince Nicholas Galitzine and Sir Bernard Spilsbury's good-looking and clever son, Peter, with his sister and her husband.

. . . . . .

I think that the Austrian Minister must have dreamt about Salzburg all last week, for his whole Legation was steeped in the atmosphere of Old Salzburg long before the night of the ball or the concert. The former was attended by the Duchess of Gloucester as well as by the Duke. She looked charming in sapphire-blue velvet, and was enraptured by the way the rooms had been completely transformed in order to capture the atmosphere for the ball. Musical London was well represented, and I caught sight of the Dean of Windsor, who is a fairly regular first-nighter, but not such a usual concert-goer. Lady Howard of Penrith, Sir John Barran, Mrs. James Forbes and party, and the Eshers were among those who attended and enjoyed the Trapp Choir's singing of old madrigals and their playing on antique instruments which resembled the Pipes of Pan. They also gave some folk-songs, for which they wore peasant costumes. Milstein played the violin and gave a good deal of Paganini, and Sidonie Goossens was the harpist. After the music, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester went downstairs to an informal supper which was held in one of the transformed rooms, which had in the centre an

MRS. CLAUDE SOMAN, M.B.E., *chairman of the Business and Professional Women's Club, received her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent when she opened the Club's Exhibition, "Women of 1937," last month. Mrs. Soman, who represents the British Women's Hospitality Committee on the Government Hospitality Committee, is a well-known solicitor, a Freeman of the City of London, and one of the very few women members of a City Company—namely, the Gardeners'.*

enormous kiosk divided into three-cornered rooms or alcoves, hung with ancient pictures and trophies. There the royal guests sat on hard benches in front of small tables and ate rolls stuffed with sausages and drank lager beer or coffee. Musicians played on old instruments and yodelled, and the atmosphere of eighteenth-century Salzburg was delightfully presented.

. . . . . .

The ball the next night was magnificent. So many tickets were sold that the organisers had to keep on refusing requests to purchase more, as H.E. the Austrian Minister will not have the Legation overcrowded. I have never seen more elaborate decorations. As you went in, an old tobacco and snuff shop met your gaze. There you could buy postcards which could be posted there and then with the Austrian Legation and Salzburg postmark on them. Next to this shop came a café, hung outside with copies of old illustrated papers, some of which were dated as far back as 1852! There were old peasant houses in the dining-room, filled with antique furniture and carvings. Two young men were responsible for this transformation—they were Franz Taussig, the artist, and Friedrich von Berzewiczy, who had the task of collecting the furniture and carvings. I must not forget that the hall also contained a *pâtisserie* labelled Demel, the famous Viennese cake-shop, and it really was Demel, for, by chance, one of their cooks happened to be in London, so there he was among his cakes.

Hearts were trumps in the decorative scheme. They shaded the lights and figured throughout the design. Who was there? Everyone, I can assure you. Baron Franckenstein was a dinner guest of the Duke of Marlborough; Lady Elizabeth Paget was one of the most admired of the girls. She had a knife-pleated skirt with a wide, wrought silver belt and huge sleeves encrusted with embroideries, and wore a dear little silver crown. The Channons came, and Lady Moira Ponsonby, Lady Anne Bridgeman, Lord Cowdray, and Viola Lyttelton were among the guests in the big party given by Paul Kern. The Duke of Sutherland ordered tickets quite late, and Lady Alexandra Haig, the Ratendones, and all our ball-dancing regulars were there.

PRINCESS STARHEMBERG, *the wife of Prince Starhemberg, who for years played a prominent part in Austrian politics, was formerly Nora Gregor, the popular actress of the Burg Theater, Vienna. Her marriage to the Prince took place in November.*

PRINCE STARHEMBERG, *who is a member of a great Austrian family, recently married, as his second wife, Nora Gregor, the actress. He was formerly Vice-Chancellor of Austria. His first marriage was annulled by the Pope.*

. . . . . .

H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise shares my taste for that most stirring of all stories, "The Three Musketeers," for she personally selected this film as the entertainment to be given at the special performance in aid of the League of Mercy (Kensington District) at the Royal Court Cinema on Monday, Dec. 20. Paul Lukas and Margot Grahame are the stars in the film, and the performance is one which must go down on your list of events to be attended.

. . . . . .

Those invited to visit the Loan Exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club will enjoy a well-chosen and admirably arranged show. It's exciting to view an authentic suit of armour belonging to Henri II. of France, and more thrilling to see how he looked in it, for the Clouet picture of this monarch bestriding a coal-black charger (lent by Lord Bearsted) shows him in the decorative suit which stands in the gallery. It's suitably placed before Lord Aberconway's tapestry depicting Diana and her hounds; while in one of the cases are two pieces of the celebrated St. Porchaire, or Henri II., ware; and an oak casket bearing the crescents of his favourite, Diane de Poitiers, and the Royal Arms of France.

The pictures include a superb "Deposition from the Cross," by the Master of the Altar of St. Bartholomew, a Cologne artist of the fifteenth century, lent by Lord Halifax; a pretty Cranach, and an entertaining "Harrowing of Hell," by Jan Maudjin of Haarlem, a follower of Hieronymus Bosch, in which one of the central figures is a smart lady in a ruff who is (very naturally) registering extreme horror at turning into a demon. The process has just begun, and her hands have become scarlet claws. (Please note, disapproving males, this is *not* a satire on red nail-varnish!).

The opening of this Loan Exhibition was marked by an evening private view and reception, attended by many distinguished personalities in the art world. These included Mr. Eumorfopoulos, who has lent a recent acquisition, a grey limestone Cambodian torso of the eighth century, a dream of grace and distinction; Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, Sir Robert C. Witt, Princess Bibesco, the Clifford Smiths, and many others.

. . .

Sir Campbell Mitchell-Cotts is one of the well-knowns who have decided to stay in London for Christmas—and no wonder, for it's always a surprise that he can make up his mind to leave his delightful town house. It contains many beautiful things, including tapestry curtains which came from Stowe, a superb Epstein bust of his father, the late Baronet, and some interesting pictures. Sir Campbell's second book of verse, "The Lute Player in Avalon," has just been published, and will appeal to everyone with a taste for modern verse. He recently read some of his work at the Poetry Society, and later gave a selection of Tennyson, followed by one or two of his own poems at a reception given by Mrs. Elinor Glyn. He reads well and has a fine and very musical voice.

MISS SUSAN PILKINGTON, *daughter of Mr. Alan D. Pilkington and of the late Mrs. Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury, and Achvarasdal, Thurso, is engaged to Mr. Thomas Patrick Douglas Spens, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, elder son of Colonel Hugh B. Spens, D.S.O., and Mrs. Spens, Powis House, by Stirling.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA.

And, before I end up this week, I must record the fact that the seventh annual Golf Ball in aid of St. Mary's Hospital was one of the high spots of the week's social history. Held at Grosvenor House, it was attended by many golfers.

MARIEGOLD.

The marriage of CAPTAIN RICHARD STREATFEILD, R.A., *Private Secretary to H.M. the Queen, to* MISS JANE STEPHENSON, *daughter of the late Sir Guy Stephenson and of Lady Stephenson, took place at St. Mary's, Chiddingstone. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Streatfeild and nephew of Sir Henry Streatfeild, who was private secretary to Queen Alexandra.*

TWO SUCCESSFUL CONSERVATIVE AND THE PRIMROSE

MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *wife of the Prime Minister, was hostess at the London Conservative Christmas party held at the New Horticultural Hall. She is with* LADY LUCAS-TOOTH *(left), chairman of the party committee.*

MR. DOUGLAS HACKING, M.P., *and* MRS. DOUGLAS HACKING *attended the London Conservative Christmas party and tried their skill at the side-shows.*

MRS. ELLIOTT WARE, CAPTAIN CAMPBELL, *and* LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY *were among the guests. Lady Willoughby is the married daughter of Viscountess Astor, M.P.*

COUNTESS BEATTY, *here seen consulting her programme, wore jewelled ornaments in her hair, on either side of her centre parting.*

MISS PEGGY GORDON MOORE *is seated next to the* MARQUESS OF CARISBROOKE. *She is the daughter of Mrs. Gordon Moore.*

FESTIVITIES: A CHRISTMAS PARTY LEAGUE BALL.

MR. GRANT-FERRIS, M.P., *officiated as judge for the ankle competition, which was one of the side-shows at the London Conservative Christmas party.*

The Primrose League Ball was held at Grosvenor House. Here VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH, *Ball chairman, and* LADY EBBISHAM *are seen receiving. Lady Baldwin of Bewdley, president, and Lord Ebbisham also received.*

The COUNTESS OF DURHAM, *a vice-chairman of the ball, looked lovely. She is seen at the supper-table with* EARL BEATTY.

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, *daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, at supper with* BARON LIVONIUS.

LORD MORVYN CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, *younger son of the Duke of Portland, danced with* MISS KITTY COMBE.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—For Coming Straight from Paradise to Park Lane.

MISS DOROTHY WAGGAL, MISS VERNA LONG, *and* MISS MARGERY MARSTON.

MISS GRACE STEWART, *who was "Miss America, 1935."*

MISS DOROTHY LOYNES, MISS GRACE STEWART, *and* MISS VIRGINIA FIELD.

"PARK AVENUE TO PARK LANE" *is the title of the new Christmas cabaret which opened at Grosvenor House on Thursday, December 9. With the exception of Billy Bennett, who is the compère, this production is all-American, and is personally produced by Mr. Georgie Hale, the musician and dance director from Broadway. The* GEORGIE HALE GLAMOUR GIRLS *are a feature of this supper-time show. They have been appearing in "Beauty Circus," and proved too popular to be allowed to leave London yet. Their ranks have been augmented by six others of their troupe—the girls whose portraits appear on this page—who are reputed to be the six most beautiful show-girls of the U.S.A. They have come straight from the Paradise, New York, where they have been dancing.*

"ANOTHER CATHEDRAL? REPEAT THAT, PLEASE!"

Outstanding architect SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT, R.A., makes a habit of building and restoring churches, besides doing much other work. His greatest achievement to date is Liverpool Cathedral.

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

"THE FESTIVAL DRESS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.; EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1937

W. RUSSELL FLINT

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

DEC 12TH Much to-do and testiness over this business of Christmas gifts. My wife mightily concerned lest her Aunt Theresa of Wimbledon design to send her a gift more costly than the chromium-plated coffee percolator she hath bought for her Aunt. Whereat I reproved my wife for turning a Christmas custom into a mercenary trafficking. And for my part I have great hopes that my cozen Thomas will give me Brandy or Whisky as heretofore, only of better quality. Wherefore I shall contrive to bring to the ears of my sister Anne that I shall be well pleased with some dozen bottles of Schweppes: Soda, Tonic and also Ginger Ale. But I pray she remember the name of Schweppes and be not fobbed off with some flat counterfeit.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

THE ENGAGEMENT OF LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS.

The engagement of LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS, *daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry and of Lady Dunn, to* COUNT JOHN DE BENDERN, *second son of Count de Bendern, Councillor of State, Principality of Liechtenstein, and of Countess de Bendern, was announced last week. Count John de Bendern, formerly Mr. John de Forest, was British Amateur Golf Champion in 1932. He had his name changed by his father when the latter took up his residence in the Principality of Liechtenstein.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE, LENARE, KEYSTONE, HARLIP, AND FAYER OF VIENNA.

"LITTLE MAN" TRIUMPHS IN "OH! YOU LETTY."

Fairfield Garden City is the background of "OH! YOU LETTY," at the Palace. Here is Mr. Simmons (SYDNEY HOWARD) arranging his business partner, Chester Binney—a typical "Little Man" (WYLIE WATSON)—to look like a Casanova to lure his daughter Louise into marriage.

In further elaboration of his scheme, Mr. Simmons shows Chester Binney a photograph of glamorous film-star Letty Lythe, with whom he is to hint of a former terrific affaire.

At a musical party on the terrace of the Simmonses' house, Chester Binney plays the 'cello, while Mr. Simmons plays havoc with a double-bass.

Mrs. Simmons displays to an admiring crowd of "Les Girls" Chester Binney's autographed photograph of Letty Lythe, inscribed in memory of "hectic Hollywood hours."

Chez Simmons. Louise (PATRICIA LEONARD) tells her father and mother (BERTHA BELMORE) in no uncertain voice that she wants to marry a crooner with Hollywood experience of love-affairs.

Letty Lythe (PHYLLIS STANLEY), from Hollywood, gets going screen fashion on her bogus lover, Chester Binney; while Mrs. Simmons consoles unhappy Louise. However, the crooner's luck is out; Chester's is in, for Letty already has a perfectly good fiancé of her own.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY BUCKLEY.

LOUISE'S RIVAL—IN "OH! YOU LETTY."

Sophisticated charm marks the appearance of PHYLLIS STANLEY *in " Oh ! You Letty," at the Palace Theatre. Whatever she wears, ingenuous white or silver pointed with fox, she scores all along the line, with Modigliani elongations, and undulations of her own. Her best number : " Why did you take it away ? "*

THE POLISH BALLET'S FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

"LA LÉGENDE DE CRACOVIE" *is one of the ballets in the répertoire of* "LES BALLETS POLONAIS," *whose short season at Covent Garden opens to-morrow, December 16. Bronislava Nijinska is their artistic director, and, while in London, they will have the collaboration of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, directed by Mierzeyewski.*

An effective scene from "La Légende de Cracovie." The Polish Ballet appeared in Paris during the recent International Exhibition and were awarded the Grand Prix de Ballet.

Two of the dancers are seen in "La Légende de Cracovie." All costumes and settings have been designed and executed by Polish artists.

SLAWSKA *and* YOUSCHIEVITCH *are two of the charming and accomplished ballerinas of the Polish Ballet.*

Left: A group of the Polish dancers in one of their eighteenth-century ballets. They draw on national composers, headed by Chopin and Szymanowski, for their music.

Right: OLGA SLAWSKA *is here posed in a beautiful peasant costume in "Le Chant de la Terre."*

WATER NYMPH ZORINA.

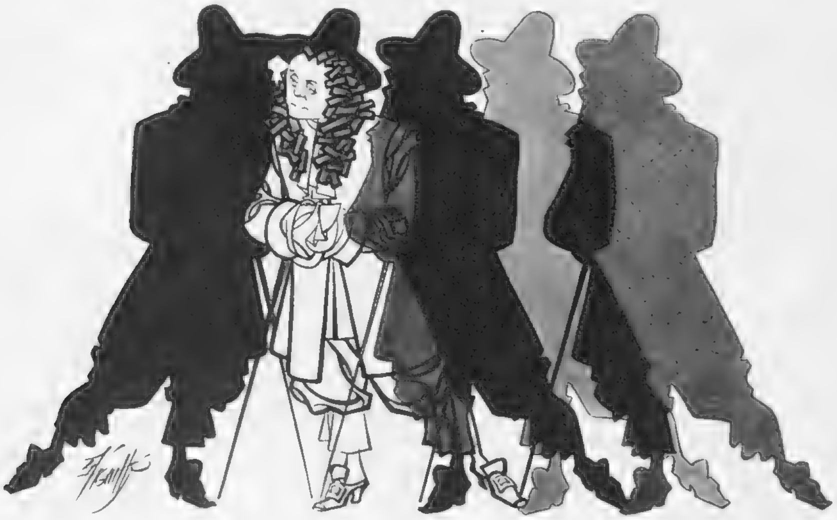
VERA ZORINA, *the blonde ballerina, is dancing the title-rôle in the* WATER NYMPH BALLET *for Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor musical picture "The Goldwyn Follies," now in course of production. Zorina was for two years prima ballerina in the Russian Ballet. It was during her New York appearance with the Ballet that Sam Goldwyn persuaded her to undertake picture work, and she will make her screen début in his two-million-dollar production. Zorina has been seen in London, for she appeared in "On Your Toes," and, at the age of fourteen, in Max Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

TO find, every two or three weeks, a new play of some quality, which can be presented without excessive cost or complication, is hard work. To cast that play satisfactorily with the modest salaries which a cheap-price or experimental theatre can afford is even harder. No wonder that Mr. Ronald Adam talks of doing less production on his own account at the Embassy Theatre and taking in lodgers rather more. The first of his temporary tenants were the company of players which Mr. Matthew Forsyth directs at Bexhill. This team, to whom Mr. Bernard Shaw not long ago entrusted the first performance in England of his play "The Millionairess," did not bring anything so august to Hampstead. Their first offering was a play by Mrs. Marie Oxenford, called "THE WORM THAT TURNED," and further described as "a crooked comedy." By the latter phrase is meant, I suppose, that the piece contains crooks, in which it is not singular; it is, however, more original in the fact that the crooks are permitted to succeed in their sin and that the last curtain sees Scotland Yard discomfited and the jewels remaining in lawless hands.



Some caricatures by Sherriffs from "THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS," *at the Shaftesbury Theatre—Shaftesbury, sole survivor of the infamous "Cabal," goes into conclave on the matter of the destruction of Mr. Pepys, for the aggrandisement of Shaftesbury* (MR. HENRY OSCAR).

Certainly the representative of the Yard was far from bright. If you, as a servant of the State, were looking for stolen jewels in a house which you supposed to be a den of thieves and there entered a gentleman with an obviously "wiggy" grey wig, calling himself a piano-tuner, and carrying a small bag, would you calmly walk out and leave him unquestioned and unsearched? Scarcely. But Scotland Yard does. Mrs. Oxenford's play, however, was not to be taken seriously. The crooks, after all, were only the secondary attraction. The turning worm came first. This revolutionary invertebrate was a meek little householder in Edgware. He worked in an insurance office and his recreations included mild domestic conjuring. He found himself caught up in a life of crime and took the opportunity to give a nagging wife the slip and spend some purple hours amid the flashier elements of Maida Vale society. Mr. Richard Goolden, so well known to listeners as Mr. Penny and to theatre-goers for his neat pictures of the humble and the henpecked, presented the part with an admirable image of black-coated humility. He could not do much more than repeat the familiar business of being a meek little man. It was bound to become a trifle monotonous, but he served his authoress faithfully with a performance which just suited her play. In addition, Miss Mabel Poulton contributed a lively and amusing sketch of a young lady whom Americans would briefly label "gangster's moll."

MISS RUTH DRAPER'S short season at the Vaudeville Theatre has still some days to go, and it should certainly not be missed either by those who are strange to this genius or by those who are collectors of everything she does. Without any change of make-up, without more disguise than a shawl or a mackintosh, she entirely changes her age, race, mood, and personality. It makes one wonder whether it really is necessary for actors to use elaborate make-up, to put on wigs and beards, and to dress exactly in some period or according to some vogue. I have a suspicion that, after Miss Somebody has spent a year studying Elizabethan life, letters, speech, and fashions, in order to play—oh, so carefully!—Ann Hathaway or the Dark Lady, Miss Draper would simply walk on to the stage in a modern brown dress and be the Elizabethan—peasant or great lady—beyond any murmur of criticism.

I am not suggesting hereby that genius is an infinite capacity for not taking pains. Miss Draper has taken enormous pains: her monologues are perfectly written with her own hand and perfectly produced and rehearsed by herself. When I visited the Vaudeville she was Opening a Bazaar, and Showing the Garden, thus proving that she can drive into the very heart of England. Also, she was revealing three generations of American married life, both in humble Jewish and in prosperous Aryan circumstances. Also, she took us to Italy and showed us the native and the tourist busily engaged in the industry of exploiting or "doing" those ecclesiastical antiques which get a guide-book "star." She constantly varies her programme, so that you may not, on your visit, see these, or, indeed, any one of those, items: but whatever you do get will have the Draper stamp and signature, which means perfection in its kind, be it comedy or pathos.

The weeks before Christmas are rather empty of production, as a rule, which gives the critic of theatre a chance to visit music halls. And how nice, after the listless, blasé atmosphere of some West End first-nights, are the gusto and vitality of the music-hall crowd. The moment you are inside you feel that you are part of the nation; in the theatre you feel that you are part of a clique. I tried the FINSBURY PARK EMPIRE one evening, because Mr. Sandy Powell was there with one of his road shows, and I had, by some dreadful neglect or misadventure, never seen Mr. Powell before. A well-instructed friend insisted that my life was incomplete—nay, had scarcely begun, without a knowledge of Mr. Powell, and, having sat under Sandy, I am now a happier and a wiser man.

"Little Beau Pepys Wants lots of ships,
And doesn't know how to find 'em.
But raise him a loan, and he'll come home
With ninety sail behind 'im."
(MR. EDMUND GWENN).

Indeed, we sat under him literally and not in the preaching sense. Sandy entered a box and advised the actors on the stage, mingling his counsel with his observations on Football Pools and other matters of national concern. Mr. Powell is short, stout, and sallow: but he smiles. How he smiles! His smile is his all-in-all. It creates a personality, gentle, seeming to be a bit on the "soft" side, yet really shrewd, affable, kindly, sympathetic. He gags neatly; he does not have to press for his effects. He can win immense laughter without a "blue" line or even the approach to it. The second half of his show was not as good as the first, but whenever he took the stage the house was delighted. I suppose Sandy will be in panto. at Christmas. Well, if you see his name written up outside a hall, be sure and see the man inside the building.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

WHEN I saw "UN CARNET DE BAL" at Studio One, I regretted that it had arrived just a fraction too late to be included in last week's page; yet, on the other hand, I welcomed a postponement of my notice that permitted me to give it more space than would have been possible with a spate of new pictures to deal with. For this French film, directed by Julien Duvivier, whose preceding picture, "Pépé le Moko," will be remembered by the many who saw it at the Curzon, is a remarkable production; it is, indeed, one of the major achievements of the year. Shapely in pattern, despite the fact that it embraces six stories, each complete in itself, within its frame, it is grippingly interesting, witty, and moving in its alternating moods. M. Duvivier has said of its story that it "lies midway between fantasy and reality." But the fantasy does not disturb reality, being an expression of thought made visible and an integral part of the theme rather than a mere decoration. A widow, still beautiful, still, after a loveless marriage, on the fringe of dreams that have not come true, finds amongst the papers she is destroying the programme of her first ball, when she was sixteen and the young men whose names are scribbled on the glossy card vowed eternal devotion. She sets out on a sentimental journey in search of her youth and of that "undying love." She finds its echoes, for the unconscious cruelty of a sixteen-year-old has sent one of her partners to his death, another to a monastery. Her quest continues, to meet with disillusion, with tragedy, with modest contentment where once ambition burned. Even her cherished memory of her first ball, tender if false vision of muslin, floating furbelows, and gleaming crystal, is shattered by the drab commonplace of the town hall where it was held. A tale of disenchantment, if you will, nostalgic and cynical—even, in one episode, violent—but beautifully told and often touched with delicious humour. It is impossible to differentiate between the work of the director, the writers, and the players. They are inseparably united in welding this lovely piece into a perfect whole. A star-cast, in which Marie Bell, Françoise Rosay, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet, Pierre Blanchar, Raimu, Fernandel, and young Robert Lynen (shot up to tall, slim adolescence) are conspicuous, carries each chapter to the heights of screen entertainment, each member contributing in equal measure to a picture that—I say it without hesitation — must be seen.

An adaptation of a Rex Beach novel, "THE BARRIER" (at the Plaza), is one of those romantic melodramas that demand for their enjoyment a frame of mind not easy to recapture. Set against the mighty mountains, luminous lakes, and sombre forests of Alaska, the story of a lovely child who grows up in the belief that she is a half-breed, and therefore likely to be spurned by a gallant Army lieutenant, belongs to a period when villains were villains, heroes monuments of honour, and maidens coyly innocent. The bad man, actually the girl's unworthy parent, is duly bumped-off by her much-wronged foster-father, whose confession removes the imagined barrier from love's path, the while Leo Carrillo, the heroine's devoted champion, wrests her from the clutches of a minor scoundrel in a first-class fight in which something of the rousing spirit of open-air films flares up. But on the whole the picture lacks the breezy atmosphere of hard-fisted, hard-riding men that compensates for much sentiment and *naïveté* in tales of pioneer days. The drama moves slowly towards a solution easily foreseen, at its liveliest when Leo Carrillo is around to burble merrily in his Anglo-Italian jargon, and at its most significant when Otto Kruger slips in his study in smiling villainy.

Mr. Charles, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith (MR. BARRY K. BARNES).

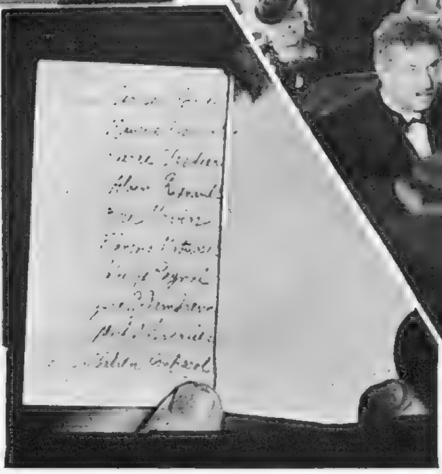
The career of a crooner from obscurity to the Neon lights of fame is wont to follow a course on the screen determined by the coat he wears at the outset. Warner Brothers have clapped the trim uniform of a marine on to Dick Powell in his new picture, "THE SINGING MARINE" (New Gallery), with the result that, after his meteoric rise to radio stardom during a six-weeks' furlough, his life is complicated by a prolonged struggle between headquarters and the microphone, headquarters being generally outwitted and quite remarkably indulgent to the melodious marine. Less indulgent, though responsible for his first phenomenal success, are his buddies, who take a deal of convincing that a brave, kind heart may beat beneath a crooner's opulent shirt-front. Handsomely staged and generously provided with song and dance, the picture travels from America to a still untroubled Shanghai, where a "pocket melodrama" performed in a night-club is lifted right out of the ordinary by Larry Adler and his mouth-organ. Controlled by his fluttering fingers, the humble instrument purrs and warbles or wails like a tormented soul in a curiously exciting manner. The rest of the picture presents a bashful Mr. Powell charming the marines' girl friends into sentimental mood with his voice and his guitar, a more bumptious Mr. Powell engendering storms of feminine adulation with his heart-searching ballads, and finally an angry Mr. Powell defying the unmerited scorn of his company. His ingenuous personality helps him to transform a rather irritating young man into an engaging character and to enliven a story that frequently stands in need of a fillip. He carries the burden of the picture light-heartedly, and is ably assisted in the task by Hugh Weston, whose burlesque of an eccentric agent, with a glimpse of his skittish sister included, discovers a new vein of crazy comedy; and Doris Weston makes an auspicious début as the hero's faithful, though neglected, sweetheart.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XVI.

Christine (MARIE BELL; *right*) *finds that her first partner at the ball of twenty years ago has committed suicide. His mother, Mme. Audié* (FRANÇOISE ROSAY; *centre*), *is mad and believes him to be still alive.*

The fourth dance partner, Thierry (PIERRE BLANCHAR), *had been an ambitious medical student. He is now an epileptic, carrying on a dubious practice in Marseilles. He is with Christine (left) and Gaby* (MLLE. SYLVIE; *right*).

Joe (LOUIS JOUVET), *the second dance partner, was formerly a lawyer. He has become a member of the underworld, is the proprietor of a doubtful night-club, and gives legal advice to gangsters.*



The old ball programme with the names of Christine's partners is what induces her to look for her childhood's admirers. She finds disappointment in every case.

François (RAIMU), *the fifth partner, is the Mayor of a small town and is marrying his cook. He grows impatient with the official conducting the service and "takes over" himself!*

The third dance partner, who promised to be a brilliant composer, has taken Holy Orders and, as Father Regnier (HARRY BAUR), *teaches choirboys in a small monastery.*

Right: Gerard was the dance partner who meant most to Christine (MARIE BELL). *She finds he had been living all these years just the other side of the lake, but he has just died. She adopts his son, Jacques* (ROBERT LYNEN), *and is seen taking him to his first ball.*

The sixth young man, Fabien (FERNANDEL), *has become a hairdresser. He takes Christine again to the scene of her first ball, but the glamour has gone and she sees what a poor affair it must have been.*

"UN CARNET DE BAL" ("The Dance Programme"), at Studio One, is Julien Duvivier's new film. The picture shows how Christine, a young widow, finds an old dance programme, and seeks out the men with whom she danced at her first ball.

ROMANCE OF A BALL PROGRAMME—"UN CARNET DE BAL."

SKI-ING BEGINS IN LONDON

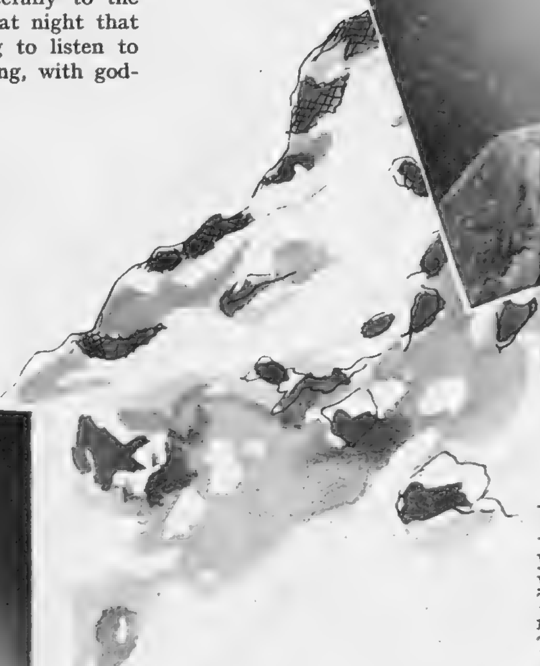
Right now, in Old Bond Street, Enthusiasts Forgather

There is no greater thrill in the world than a Winter Sports holiday. But you must train your muscles first.

MADDENING to waste the first few days of your Winter Sports holiday persuading your muscles to respond gracefully to the unusual demands placed upon them. Mortifying to find at night that dancing is a penalty rather than a pleasure. Depressing to listen to the creaks of one's own body whilst other people are flying, with god-like swiftness, down snowy slopes.

And all so unnecessary.

ALL you have to do, having made up your mind exactly when you mean to set out, is to go along to 25, Old Bond Street, and take a course of preliminary exercise treatments, worked out by Elizabeth Arden. They will make you feel grand. They will give you confidence. And they will double your enjoyment, for from the beginning you will be able to make the most of every exhilarating minute.



NOVICE or expert, you are going to have a much better time if, before you leave England, you have trained your body to obey you without protest. These exercises of Miss Arden's are meant as a preparation for ski-ing. They do not set out to teach anybody to ski. At the beginning you do special exercises to stretch and strengthen and limber-up the legs and body.

THEN, having mastered these, you are introduced to the Ski-ing Machine. You can see in our pictures what it is like: and, what is more, you can see for yourself what assurance and what perfect balance it induces. It prepares the essential muscles. It teaches the correct crouch—not so easy as it looks, and most ungainly if one's balance is wrong. It will probably save you a whole week of holiday stiffness. And it really is great fun.

EVEN if you are not a Winter Sports enthusiast, you will enjoy a course of Miss Arden's ordinary exercise treatments. The first of the series are corrective, and are designed to give poise and to teach the art of standing and sitting well.

The second are concentration exercises, whose special mission is to overcome any particular defects. And into the third category come exercises for women who have had babies or who are recovering from surgical operations.

If you have any sort of idea that daily exercises must be a bore, meet the girls who teach in Miss Arden's salons, and see how wrong you are.

JOHN EVERARD

THE SKETCH OF FASHION

IN a season when individuality is of supreme importance, when frocks are flattering and lovely, the model at the head of this page is an outstanding success.

Made in a very fine black woollen fabric, it has an exquisitely draped bodice set into a high waist-line which is marked by a double sash of satin. The sleeves are finished with gold-centred suède buttons, and the brooch at the throat is in silver gilt and coral, designed by Simone Gerli. The brooch costs 3 guineas, and there are matching ear-rings at the same price. The dress, which is one of the many charming day frocks at Peg Nicholls, costs 12½ guineas.

DINNER DRESSES are starred this year, for so great is their popularity that women seem to wear them whenever they possibly can. Here, on the right, is a simple but beautifully cut frock in black moss crêpe, with pleated fullness at the bust and diamanté embroidery at the wrists. The skirt moulds the hips and gradually widens at the hem, the sash is of magenta and petunia chiffon, and the price is 9 guineas.

This, too, comes from Peg Nicholls, of 35, George Street, London, W., where one may be sure of finding distinctive and easy-to-wear frocks at prices which are much lower than anybody would guess.

DIARY

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

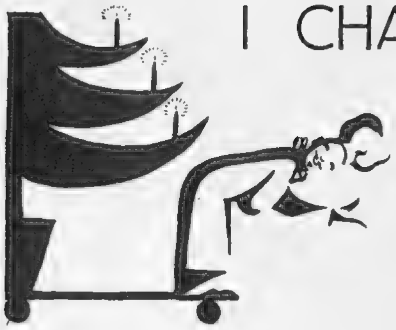
A WOMAN who has lovely jewels is armed against the world, for their beauty is a tribute to hers, and their brilliance reflects her own happiness.

But even the finest stones can be marred by an unimaginative setting, so when you are choosing jewellery, be sure to see the magnificent examples of contemporary craftsmanship at Mappin and Webb's, of 158, Oxford Street, W., of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, or of 172, Regent Street, W.1.

The girl in the photograph on the right is wearing a unique diamond brooch which forms two separate clips that are entirely different in shape. Composed of circular diamonds, pavé set, with larger ones round the edge and baguette diamonds in the centre, it is an absolute triumph.

Square-cut diamonds and circular diamonds, pavé set, are used in her ear-clips; her ring is a rectangular diamond with baguette shoulders, marvellous in colour, shape, and purity, and her two bracelets, flexible as a ribbon, and most impressive in design, are set with circular and baguette diamonds of great brilliance.

JOHN EVERARD



I CHANGE YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By X. M. BOULESTIN.

CHRISTMAS to many English people means—apart from its religious significance—giving and receiving presents, going to some Continental hotel, or staying at home eating (too much), year after year, turkey, mince-pies, and plum pudding.

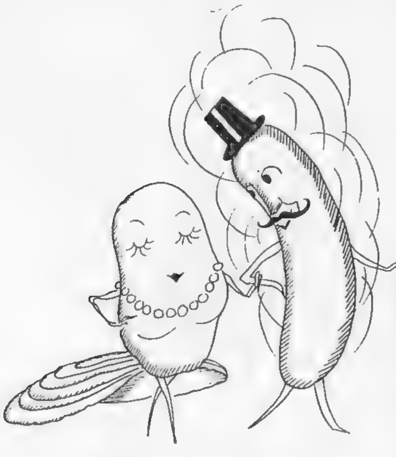
Noël to most French people stands for something just as traditional, but which can be more varied. There are no presents, since these appear only on New Year's Day, except those from Nature, splendid and rare, more "seasonable," as shops say, than anything else — the delicious truffles, to go with the turkey; the fat fowl or the pork, which are also "seasonable." But the meal, the yearly *réveillon*, takes place at one o'clock in the morning, after the midnight Mass.

"Seasonable."

This in itself adds a unique charm to the day. Yet how can people appreciate it to the full when they have supper a great many times during the year? How can we recapture these sensations? Going out in the cold, crisp night in a provincial town, our footsteps sound sharper on the cobbles, the air, full of the noise of bells, has a distinctive quality, for we are not used to going out at night; we look forward to the cheerful atmosphere of the church, to the excitement of *réveillon*; after being greeted by the perfume of incense, we are greeted by the aroma of truffle. There is Champagne. We are young. It is all as it should be.

Breaking Away from Traditional Dishes.

Later, when in search of adventure, I was sadly disappointed in the English Christmas. Holly, mince-pies, pudding, crackers in Paris shops kept me sentimentalising over the sacred traditions of the day; I visualised London like an enormous Christmas card: bathed in Dickensian feelings, with, in the streets, people wishing each other a Merry Christmas, all forgiveness, goodwill and cheerfulness; as in a Russian novel, utter strangers on Easter Day kiss each other, saying, "Christ has risen . . ."



Why be surprised?

Nothing of the kind happened, but I had a remarkable pudding, made the year before, of course, according to a secret recipe, jealously kept for centuries. I have had many puddings and turkeys since and, occasionally, I have been bored by the monotonous meal. Occasionally also, I have recaptured the atmosphere of my provincial Noëls. Last year particularly, when, after the Mass in a village church, we had *réveillon* in a fine house near Bordeaux.

And this is the type of menu I would suggest to those desirous of breaking away from the traditional dishes, while still faithful to the spirit of the tradition. We began by something a little surprising: very cold oysters served with very hot sausages. The sausages were, and should be, of the pork type, either fried or grilled, but crisp and dry. You eat together oysters and sausages and it seems as if the hot sausage brings out the coolness of the oyster, all the perfume of the sea. Why be surprised? After all, the combination is, more or less, that of a favourite savoury, "angels on horseback."

The main dish, for a change, was pork—roasted, flavoured with fresh truffles and served cold; and those who have not tasted this cannot realise what a delicacy pork can be, if properly cooked. This is the exact recipe:

Rôti de Porc Truffé as a Delicious Change.

Take a piece of pork about six to eight pounds in weight, according to the number of people. The best piece for this purpose is the fillet or chops. The skin, which in the ordinary English roast pork becomes the crackling, is removed; the chops are not separated, and you remove the bone carefully and completely, so that when it is boned you have a long, flat piece of meat left. Place it flat on the board and sprinkle it well with salt and freshly-ground pepper. It should be very highly seasoned and you must not be afraid of putting too much, as it is absorbed by the meat during the cooking.

Take also four or five fresh truffles (well scrubbed with a hard brush in several waters), cut them in two and dispose them evenly on the meat, which you roll like a galantine. Tie it well with string so that it keeps its shape; season well all over and put it in a baking-tin or a fireproof dish, with a cup of water. Put to bake in a very moderate oven and cook, basting often, about three hours. When cooked, move to a serving dish, pour the gravy and melted fat all over, allow it to become tepid, then remove the string, and serve cold in thin slices.

. . . goodwill and cheerfulness.

Small fried potatoes go well with this, also a salad, like *Salade Lorette*, which is lambs' lettuce (sometimes called "corn salad"), beetroot and celery cut in thin pieces; the dressing being of the plain French kind.

A New Sauce for the Pudding.

As for the pudding — since there must be Christmas pudding, either in France or in England—we can serve it with a slightly different sauce, which is easily made as follows:

Take four or five yolks of egg (for six to eight people), put them in a bowl with a quarter of a pound of castor sugar and a port wineglassful of liqueurs. Stand this in a saucepan full of boiling water and cook slowly, whipping all the time. It takes about eight minutes to make. When it is soft and creamy, it is ready. The best combination of liqueurs is a mixture in equal parts of brandy, curaçao and Kummel, but, of course, any liqueur can be used, according to taste, as long as there is a part of brandy or rum to give the required strength. A certain amount of care is required when cooking—hence the Bain-Marie treatment—as, if done too quickly on a fire too hot, the mixture might curdle. The right consistency is that of cream lightly whipped. Serve separately in a sauce-boat.

—we can serve it with a slightly different sauce.

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C.F.H.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IT is a strange thought that the author of "Seven Gothic Tales" should have spent several years of her life farming in Kenya. There is nothing Gothic in Africa; nothing in the habits and customs of the Somalis, the Kikuyu, or the Masai to feed the essentially Northern imagination which conceived those romantic, delicately artificial stories. One concludes that Baroness Blixen must be able to divide her mind into watertight compartments. How otherwise explain the phenomenon of a writer producing two books—her only two, I think—which, in subject-matter, thought and feeling, have so little in common? We know that with the aid of virtuosity and versatility an author's talent can find many modes of expression. Baroness Blixen is clearly versatile; but her frequent felicities in the handling of English do not amount to virtuosity. It is a language she has had to learn, and though she often writes it beautifully—as well as any foreigner one can think of, Conrad perhaps excepted — she does not write it freely, and she makes a mistake in idiom here and there.

Information and Reflection.

Perhaps the answer is that she writes in a mood of extreme detachment. What stimulates and inspires her is not the sudden observation, the immediate experience; it is her reflection on the observation, her reaction to the experience. Most woman writers excel in impressionism, but Baroness Blixen does not care for it; she values an impression mainly because it starts a train of thought. Almost everything she writes about Africa is coloured — often a rather sad grey— by the reflective mood it has awakened in her. Not that her book is deficient in information—

Natives dislike speed, as we dislike noise, it is to them, at the best, hard to bear. They are also on friendly terms with time, and the plan of beguiling or killing it does not come into their heads. In fact, the more time that you can give them, the happier they are, and if you commission a Kikuyu to hold your horse while you make a visit, you can see by his face that he hopes you will be a long, long time about it. He does not try to pass the time then, but sits down and lives.

Neither do the natives have much sympathy with any kind of machinery or mechanics. A group of the younger generation have been carried away by the enthusiasm of the European for the motor-car, but an old Kikuyu said to me of them that they would die young, and it is likely that he was right, for renegades come of a weak line of the nation. Amongst the inventions of civilisation which the Natives admire and appreciate are matches, a bicycle, and a rifle, still they will drop these the moment there is any talk of a cow.

This passage tells us a great deal, but it is not the raw material of information: it has been digested, assimilated, mingled with other elements—the author's mood, her philosophy, her affection for the native races. "From my first week in Africa," she writes, "I had felt a great affection for the Natives," and this affection influences, though it does not dictate, her outlook. In the fullest sense of the word, she sympathises with them, with a sympathy that is too complete to tolerate condescension or facetiousness, though it is always aware of irony and strangeness. Indeed, her unconditional recognition of other people's right to be unlike herself inclines her mind in the direction of stoicism and even fatalism—traits which no doubt helped her to understand the native point of view.

The MALTA AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB *produced "Thark," by Ben Travers, under the direction of Major C. B. A. Hoskyns, The Rifle Brigade, at the Royal Opera House, Malta, the other day. This group shows* MISS A. LISTON-FOULIS *as Warner,* MISS K. WARREN *as Mrs. Frush, and* PAY LIEUT. G. MELLER, R.N., *as Lionel Frush.*

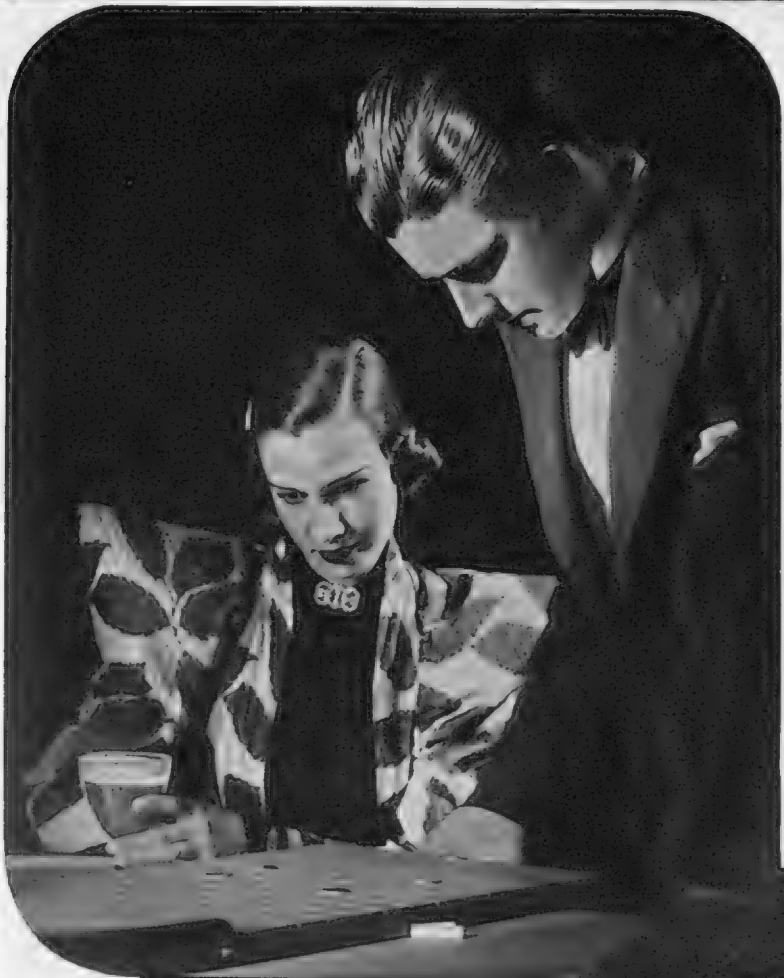
LIEUT. H. PASLEY-TYLER, R.N., *and* COMMANDER P. H. CALDERON, R.N., *are shown as Ronny Gamble and Sir Hector Benbow in "Thark," the parts created by Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls. They are in the famous bedroom scene, which is one of the big laughs of the show. The audience who attended the M.A.D.C. production of Ben Travers' well-known farce included H.E. the Governor and Lady Bonham-Carter, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound and Lady Pound, and many other distinguished people.*

The Sense of Defeat.

Natives play a great part in the book. We see them at dances and at funerals; the episode of the shooting accident illustrates their ideas of justice, which are dominated by the extent of the loss suffered, not by considerations of guilt; and in the person of her servant, Farah, she finds a model whose portrait epitomises a race. But she has many other interests: agricultural, sporting, zoological. She came to Africa to make a living; she left because she could not make it; and the success or failure of the coffee crop is always in the background of her thoughts. A practised shot, she could deal with lions; not being a magician, she could not cope with a

[Continued overleaf.

An Old English Custom



When playing the ancient and honourable game of Shove-ha'penny (our ancestors played 'Shove-groat' in the days of Henry VIII) the traditional procedure is to have by one a glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale — always in perfect condition and delightfully refreshing. You can't help "shoving a pretty coin" with an encouraging glass of Whitbread's beside you.

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I.P.S.

Continued.]

more dangerous enemy—grasshoppers. Given to hospitality, she entertained royally any friends or strangers who came her way. Chief among the former were Berkeley Cole and Denys Finch-Hatton, both men who, like herself, had Africa in their blood. For them, as for Africa, she cherished a friendship which only ended with their untimely deaths. These deaths cast a shadow over the book, and are partly responsible for the sense of defeat and sadness that weighs down its closing chapters. Baroness Blixen fought hard to retain her foothold in Africa, but circumstances were against her, and her temperament, courageous but resigned, is more fitted to convey the hopelessness of the issue than the elation of the struggle. Indeed, the sense of impending defeat takes some of the life out of the book, imparting a feeling of languor and heaviness to incidents and activities that were clearly undertaken in a gay and sanguine spirit, and in a curious way arresting the movement of the story, so that Time seems to stand still. There is no doubt, I think, that "Out of Africa" lacks impetus, and for all its high literary quality it is not always easy to read. But it is a book that deserves and repays attention for, in spite of its non-declamatory manner, it is a testament, an authentic and unforgettable witness to the endurance of the human spirit, voyaging alone amid difficulties that test its capacity to the utmost.

"The Camford Visitation." Mr. H. G. Wells, in "The Camford Visitation," associates himself, not perhaps for the first time, with the Voice of God. The Voice makes itself heard in the University of Camford, and, adopting the Socratic method, asks the dons and others a number of questions they find troublesome to answer. "What do you *mean* by education?" was one. In the course of further manifestations, the Voice disclosed the fact that it belonged to a being who for millions of years had taken an interest in the Earth and watched, with sympathy and approval, the early efforts of the human race, "quite bright little beasts," to shake themselves free of the primeval ooze. They had come along well. "Life had never done anything so nimble before." But now there was a falling-off—

"In the past you men invented all sorts of things to create solidarities, so that you could work together and get things done, religions, philosophies, moralities, customs, social organisations of all sorts. . . . The most ingenious and effective nets. But now—with everything calling daily for mental and moral adjustment—I find they haven't invented anything new of that sort that matters for the past four centuries. . . . The bricks in your social fabric are changing to sand. Is a progressive solidarity too much for you? . . . I shall hate the very sight of this little planet if man flares out and disappears."

"GUST OF WIND DID THIS," *by Norman Dawson, is one of the most outstanding objects on view at the Surrealist Exhibition in the London Gallery. Mr. Dawson specialises in work that has a political significance. His interesting object "British Diplomacy," on view at the same Exhibition, shows a full-size salmon with a small angler tied to it. This we reproduced in our issue of December 1, on page 416, but, unfortunately, owing to misinformation, attributed it to another artist.*

Education and Morals.

So spoke the Voice and the listeners were troubled, but afterwards they hardened their hearts and proceeded to build ever higher the wall that separated Camford from the outside world. They were wrong, of course; stiff-necked and perverse; and yet one cannot altogether blame them. It is not their fault that the world continues to take a path which Mr. Wells, in common with most other reasonable men, finds deplorable. The universities do not pretend to teach human beings how to behave; they stand for secular education, and secular education has little to do with morality and almost nothing to do with faith. Mr. Wells has always thought it had, and still thinks so. "Deliberately" (complains the Voice) "you ignore the fact that human life is mental. The essential thing in human life is education, the growth of a common mind and will." Surely this is not the case. Human life is not even predominantly mental. Nor is education the essential thing in human life. It might be; if it really meant "the growth of a common mind and will." But it does not; at least, for the majority of people it does not. Mr. Wells has always pointed to education as a panacea, ignoring the fact that four out of five people have no vocation for it and are constitutionally unable to benefit by it. Anyone who has been to school, or taught in a school, knows that; and if the principle is applied to one branch of knowledge—learning the piano, for instance—one sees immediately that it does not work. A child may practise for hours a day, and never improve beyond a certain point, simply because he has no "gift." And even if human beings were so framed that they could all profit by education, they would not therefore increase in moral stature. A boy does not become more virtuous by learning that nine times nine make eighty-one. In no period of English history has education been more general than it is now, or received more careful attention from experts; but a steady increase in juvenile crime has been the result (or at any rate the accompaniment) of these efforts, and not a growing in grace.

The morality that would give solidarity to the human race nearly always proceeds from faith, and faith is not invented by the intellect, it is the expression of an instinct which may, or may not, have a supernatural origin. Morality can survive the death of faith and may even, as in China, exist for centuries without the impulse of religion behind it, but it gets weakly and is always liable to attach itself to another creed, trailing the intellect after it and adapting itself to the commands of its new master. We have only to look round the different countries to see these changes at work. We may not like them; Mr. Wells does not, and he trounces them brilliantly and unmercifully. But we must remember that they are the product of nearly a century of scientific enlightenment. The intellect flowered—and this is the fruit.

MR. DAVID EVANS, A.R.B.S., *is shown at work on a fine stone bust of* CAPTAIN CORAM *on the face of the Brunswick Square Headquarters of the Foundling Hospital. Thomas Coram, who lived 1668-1751, was a merchant captain, and the philanthropist who founded the Hospital in 1739.*

"Caroline England." This book is not, as the title might suggest, a study of English life in the reigns of the two Charleses, but a full-length portrait of a woman who was born in the 'seventies and had more than her share of sorrow before an imprudent but characteristic determination to be present at the funeral of King George V. brought her tired life to a close. Born a Torrys, an old, proud, but undistinguished county family, she underwent, thanks to her nurse, a childhood of extreme Victorian rigour. Marrying an author, she escaped from her environment—was, indeed, exiled from it, for the Torrys could

[*Continued on page* XIV.

GIVE CIGARETTES
TO BE SURE-
GIVE STATE EXPRESS
TO BE CERTAIN
OH! THANKS — WHAT A MAGNIFICENT CASKET!
Realise how easy it is to please *all* your friends this Christmas with a gift of STATE EXPRESS Cigarettes in handsome Presentation Caskets. For, with so many delightful styles to choose from — natural oak, gleaming glass, chaste silver, elegant lacquer—you can vary your choice according to the taste of the recipient. Remember, a gift of STATE EXPRESS will say "Merry Christmas" for a long time afterwards.
In gleaming Black Lacquer on Silver Plate, this Casket is one of a series, containing 50 to 150 Cigarettes from - 8/3 to 21/-
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LOOK...SUCH A LOVELY PRESENT FROM GEORGE!
The SUSSEX Cabinet, containing 25 each STATE EXPRESS 555, 333 and 999. 75 Cigarettes 5/-
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CIGARETTES

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"COMPROMISE. Why not? That's the thing to do. Compromise."

"But how? It's easy enough to say 'compromise.'"

"There are plenty of mines-cum-promise. They've nothing to do with railway stocks, though."

"Here you are all airing your views about railway stocks in various parts of the world. If you are so keen on the things, why not compromise and buy a bit of each?"

"That's not compromise. That's geographical distribution—a theory which the war shattered to smithereens."

"Some people still believe in it," said The City Editor. "And you'll never get them to forsake their faith in the idea that if only you spread your money over a wide enough area, you will guard your capital in the most effective way."

"It's all wrong," maintained The Broker. "Look round the world and see for yourself. The war, I tell you, showed that the theory was bound to come to grief."

"A good many of us suffered for our convictions," observed The Merchant. "And yet, in spite of the disillusionment, you recommend a hotchpotch of railway stocks! Consistent, aren't we?"

"It's hardly the same thing, do you think?"

"It's exactly the same, to my mind. What stocks would you suggest for your experiment, may I ask?"

"Of course you may," The Jobber encouraged him. "I bet you they will put Brum at the top of their lists—all of them."

"Brum?"

"Yes, Sir. London Midland and Scottish Railway ordinary stock. So called because the Midland Railway started life as the London and Birmingham Railway. And Birmingham in brief is Brum. Q.E.D., R.S.V.P."

"All right," agreed The Broker. "Brum first and, after that, Rosey. She makes a good second for a gamble."

"Who's Rosey?" asked The Merchant.

"Who is Connie Gilchrist?" The Jobber mocked him. "Rosey, my dear, is Central Argentine Railway ordinary stock. The Company was born as the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, and the old name Rosey still clings like the elusive perfumes that you read about in beauty-boxes. Floral but poetical."

"You can pack up your poetry in Trunks," said The Broker. Rather cruelly, as the ensuing silence showed.

The City Editor came to the rescue. He is younger, you see, than the other men are.

"I would pack up in your Railway parcel a few New York Centrals, San Paulos, and Canadian Pacific preference," he stated.

"Not too bad," The Broker nodded. "They're all dependent upon general trade conditions, but if the world settles down, we shall see these lines doing better in a reasonable time."

"What do you call a reasonable time?"

"Oh, in about ten minutes after lunch, shall we say?" The Broker retorted. "Is that sufficiently 'reasonable' for you?"

"It's more reasonable than you are. Not that that is saying much, perhaps. Were you at the Stock Exchange Committee dinner? The night when Sir John Simon went to dine with you, and the banking highlights."

"Did Simon say anything?" asked The Engineer.

"He said——"

"It was a purely private dinner," hinted The Jobber. "No newspaper reporters, or things like that."

"He said," The Broker continued calmly, "that if everyone was a good little boy and paid up his taxes punctually, the country was quite all right and we should sail along happily."

"Simon said that?"

"He did, though in different words. I could have written out his speech in advance, and so could you, but he delivered it very prettily, and as though he were saying something entirely original."

"I think he's right, you know," declared The Engineer. "It's all very well for Arthur Chamberlain to be pessimistic——"

"Call it frank: not pessimistic, if you're referring to what he said at the Tube Investments meeting. About prices being too high, you know, and all that."

"Roosevelt said the same thing some months previously, and thereby started a rot in Yankees."

"For which he must be extremely sorry now. That's why he is going about in a white sheet in the Bermudas."

"From which he returned days ago, so you are a little behind the times. We get such hopelessly contradictory news from America that it's hard to know what to believe."

"I don't believe our markets are too bad," said The Jobber, using the stock House phrase. "Maybe I'm wrong."

"What, again?"

"Again and yet again. But we are going to see things better. The wheels of business are creaking. I can feel it in my bones."

"That's rheumatism. I get it myself. Nothing new in that. Wasn't it old Pepys who wrote in his diary, 'I am with child of rheum'?"

"Rum, I expect he meant, on his way to bed one damp and chilsome night. I would have bought him Distillers shares to raise his spirits."

"They're a good investment," The Broker considered. "Sort of thing I wouldn't mind buying for anyone who hankered after security and steadiness."

"They tell me to buy Metal Traders," said The Merchant. "I don't know anything about them, but my man is a knowledgable chap."

The Broker endorsed the advice. "Can't hurt you, and pay well on the money. I'll send you a market slip about them."

"I'd like to see it, if you happen to remember. When do you deal for the New Year?"

"Window-dresser!" scoffed The Engineer.

"I am, and I don't mind admitting it. Not that I suppose my bank manager ever looks at my balance. But it gives you a pleasant feeling to know the account is a few ha'pence in credit on the first of January."

"You can deal for mid-January whenever you want to," The Broker said. "So don't let that worry you if you wish to buy anything now."

"My idea was to lay in a bit of stock before I get cold feet at the thought of the income-tax levy on my capital."

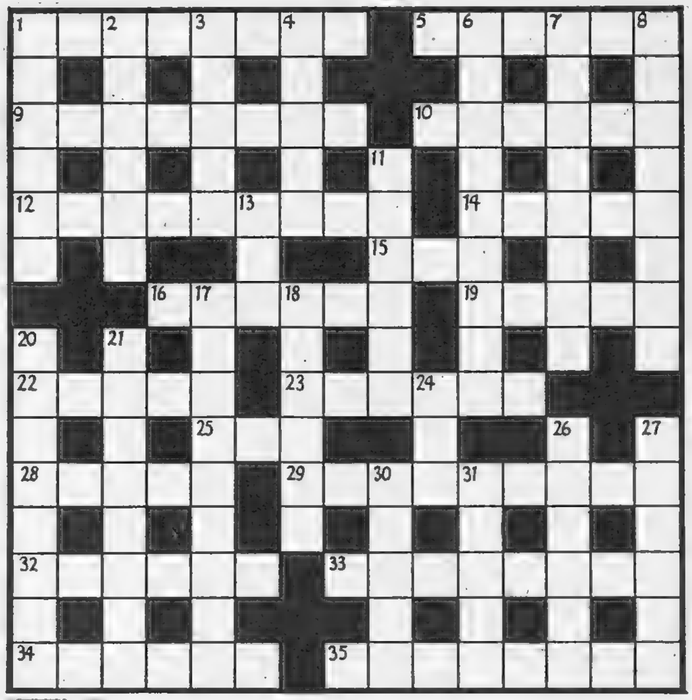
"As a speculation?" enquired The Broker.

"No: more as an investment. You gave us some a fortnight ago, I remember. Or was it before that?"

"It was for the Christmas Presents Number of *The Sketch* a couple of weeks back."

"Cost me money; that did," said The Merchant. [*Continued on page* x.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. As You Like It (8).
5. Does the musical fishmonger run over them before he removes them? (6).
9. Not the whole indeed gone (8).
10. Occurrence with no ugly finish (6).
12. Could you call them the biggest townspeople? (9).
14. Haul up in a moment (5).
15. This is quite as easy as this (3).
16. Book that filled the heart of the noblest heroes of the Bible (6).
19. Rascally part of an accent (5).
22. Something for her to get on with (5).
23. Not a professional, though he sounds rather like a singer (6).
25. Failure, and almost a fop (3).
28. You couldn't call it a definite article (5).
29. A British lake (9).
32. The ancient country that might have become a shell (6).
33. Actual truth with evidence of debt is tending to promote dissension (8).
34. May cause a serious wound, but it's the final part that makes it septic (6).
35. Largesse (Anagram) (8).

DOWN.

1. A couple of coppers in no ruddy surroundings might be useful in a boat (6).
2. A boxer may spread you out flat but he won't this you (6).
3. The family name of a famous Andrea (5).
4. Denied to an only child (5).
6. I free a cat where one is supposed to help oneself (9).
7. Nina gone awry in the legs (8).
8. I wonder if he could make a beast of himself (8).
11. Thus going aloft the victim follows this bird (6).
13. Made the flounder flounder (3).
17. Forerunner of the watch (Hyphen; 4 and 5).
18. Incident once common on the Oxford road—now more common in Oxford Street (Hyphen; 4 and 2).
20. Gossip suggests a cat has swallowed a temporary obstacle (8).
21. Bows admirably—so often called upon to do it, I suppose (8).
24. Merely the drafts (3).
26. A Dorset product (6).
27. Decisive moment that finishes a goddess (6).
30. Holiday to abandon (5).
31. If a man drinks like a fish, it isn't this (5).

This England . . .

ussex Downs — near Petworth

OF all good trees the oak is nearest to our hearts. Nor is this sentimental, though oak has framed our homes for centuries, and much oak of the Sussex breed went to "the wooden walls of England" that kept those homes inviolate. Nay, rather is it sympathy with that slow coming to maturity that is the English test of worth. Three hundred years to grow, three hundred to mature, and as many more to die, runs the lore of the oak. That is a very English thing, like bowling-turf and beer. Good beer comes slowly to maturity (in oaken barrels, too). And when such beer is really brewed in the ancient way, you have your Worthington—most sympathetic of them all!

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

LAST week I attended one of the most remarkable golf functions at which I have ever been present. It was a complimentary dinner to Henry Cotton, the Open Champion, which the Langley Park Club had organised. One of the largest rooms in the Dorchester was packed with between five and six hundred guests, among them many great golfers, and there would have been more had it not been necessary to put some restriction upon numbers. Cotton held his first professional appointment at the Langley Park Club. He went there, he says, "with two testimonials, a bag of clubs, a lot of confidence, and a serious expression; and got the job." He founded his successful career on the Langley Park course, and what was to have been a private party to celebrate Cotton's achievements, and to present him with a life-size oil-painting of himself, became a great social occasion. That, it seems, is the greatest proof possible of Cotton's popularity; while a further tribute to the esteem in which he is held is exemplified in the fact that Viscount Dunedin, the oldest member of the Royal and Ancient Club, and Lord Rosebery, the President of the Ashridge Club, to which Cotton is now professional, were among the distinguished guests. Fully to appreciate the tremendous advance of professional golf, not only as a profession, but also in the social scale, one had only to hear Lord Dunedin, the chairman, saying: "We are here to pay tribute to the skill of Henry Cotton." The occasion is a compliment to Cotton's skill, but a far greater compliment to Henry Cotton's character. Before going to the dinner, I had happened to turn up a volume of the Badminton Library, published in 1890, and had read Horace Hutchinson's criticisms of the professional of that date, whom he found wanting in many qualities; but he was certain that the finest type of professional, whom he called Nature's gentleman, would soon leaven the whole body of "pros." It flashed across my mind what joy this impressive occasion would have brought to the late Mr. Hutchinson, as it proves him to have been a true prophet.

Caddies at Sixpence a Round.

Cotton is an individualist in golf. He has worked out his own golfing swing, his own methods of training, and has succeeded. Because of that self-reliance, Cotton has been criticised, but in answer to the many enquiries I have received, I can say that Cotton is not in the very least unpopular. When Alex Herd, the oldest living Open Champion, unveiled Cotton's picture, Cotton said he noticed "the doleful expression on the face," but added: "I feel I look something like that." He explained over lunch in his magnificent house at Ashridge that, if he looks serious when he is playing golf, it is because he considers his profession is a serious business. "Why," he asked me, "should I not be serious when I am playing for my living; would you like me to come and talk a lot of nonsense to you while you are busy writing?" Then, again, Cotton has been criticised because of his high charges for lessons and playing. His answer is: "All of us, whatever we do, get as much as we can out of our business," and golf is Cotton's business. In this respect, he has rendered a service to his fellow professionals, who were at one time grossly underpaid. In the Badminton Library published in 1890, it is stated that during the busy season at St. Andrews a professional "can lightly earn seven and sixpence a day by playing two rounds of golf" (Cotton's price is a great deal more than this!), "or if he does not get an engagement, three-and-sixpence by carrying clubs" (Cotton pays his caddie three times that amount at least). But, in those days, according to the minute-book of the Royal and Ancient Club (1771), it was ruled that the payment for a caddie was sixpence for a full round "and no more," under a penalty of two pints of claret.

"NOW, WHAT DID I DO RIGHT?"

DRAWN BY VICKY.

How to Make Golf Balls.

In reminiscent vein, Lord Dunedin deplored "the disastrous discovery of the rubber-core ball." When he first joined a golf club, in 1857, he played with a feather ball, and later with the "guttie." He explained that, in those days, either the player or caddie made the guttie balls themselves, until manufactured commercially. Imagine the process he described. First one purchased some gutta-percha, boiled it, perhaps to some slight disturbance of the domestic staff's happiness, cut the plastic substance into portions, moulded and painted them, and played with them until they lost shape, which one can imagine was not very long. Now I think I know the origin of the old story about the Scotsman who approached a caddie and asked: "Are you good at finding balls?", and on being assured by the caddie that he was, said: "Well, go and find one, and I will have a game."

A Ball that Killed.

However, even the rather messy business of making your own golf balls was a progressive step, for until the advent of the guttie, balls were rare and expensive items, made of leather and feathers. A thin leather cover, more or less the right size and shape—was made, and then stuffed with feathers. According to authorities, the proper measure of feathers was sufficient to fill a "lum" hat—the tall silk hat worn in those days. The leather casing was filled by ramming the feathers into it with a steel rod, and since the workman used his chest to exert the pressure, the manufacturing process often caused lung diseases. With all due deference to Lord Dunedin and regard to the fact that I deprecate any development of the golf ball and golf clubs which would tend to spoil the game, I think that I belong to the majority, who would give up playing golf with so many disadvantages as there were apparently in the "old days."

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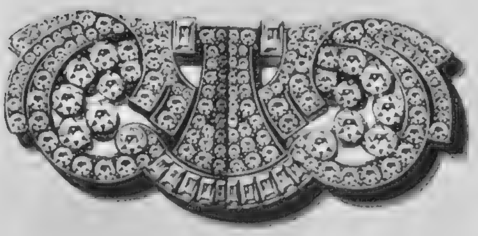

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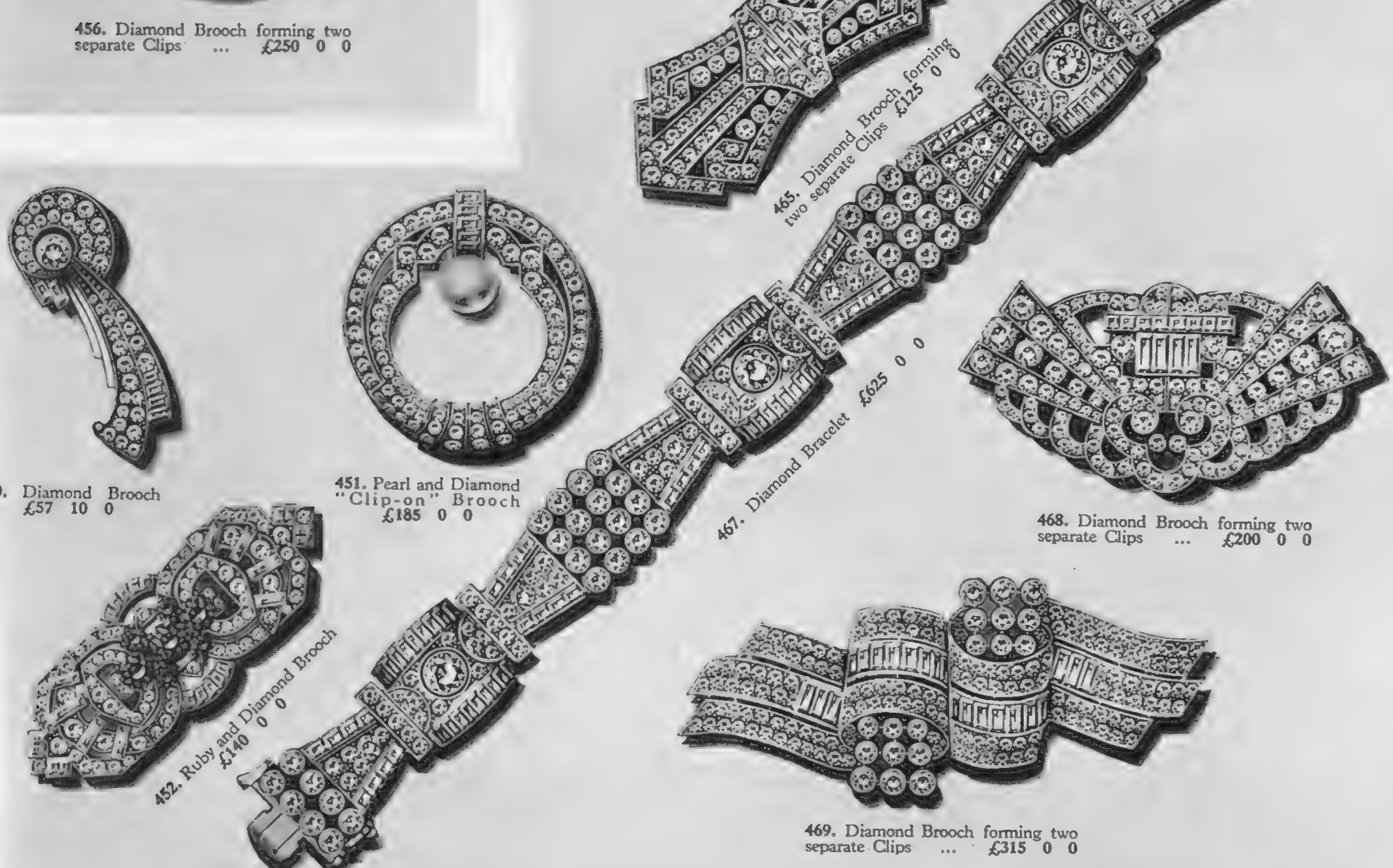

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

PEOPLE who have never gone by road to Africa are apt to adopt a superior attitude when there is talk of crossing the Sahara by car. "Why, there's a regular bus service!" they exclaim, as if that implied that there were perfect roads right across the wastes of sand. There *is* a bus service, but scarcely comparable to our "Green Line" system. The buses are enormously high, with gigantic wheels, and about a yard's ground-clearance. They hold about six passengers, the rest of the body being devoted to freight. No silencers are fitted, as these would add to the petrol consumption, and these leviathans roar their way, for twenty hours a day, between Colomb-Béchar, in Algeria, and Gao, on the Niger.

There are, of course, no roads.

An M.G. 1½-LITRE SALOON *is posed beside the ancient cross in Stow-on-the-Wold. This monument was restored in 1878.*

The road ends a couple of hundred miles south of the Mediterranean, and after that you bump over a corrugated track marked out at intervals by little piles of stones, or plough through deep sand for mile after mile on a track a mile and a half wide. If you break down, you may be 500 miles from the nearest depot of any sort, and your rescue may let you in for a couple of hundred pounds or more.

That crossing the Sahara isn't so easy is proved by the adventures of various motorists who have drifted into Gao, on the Niger, where I am penning these lines. We came across in a Ford "Utility" car, with 9-in. Dunlop tyres, and thus had no trouble with the soft sand, but the others had to dig out several times, and one motorist, who started south just before us, is stranded at Aguelok, 300 miles away, while new tyres come for him from Bamako, a thousand miles away, by lorry.

This particular man, a music-hall comedian, is lucky to be alive. So are his wife and his niece. Our comedian set off across the Sahara on an old Citroën, with worn-out tyres. He had one of those tyre-pumps that screw into the place of a sparking-plug, but the long, flexible pipe was perished. He had endless trouble with his tyres long before reaching Bidon Cinq, that extraordinary filling-station in the very middle of the Tanezrouft, or Land of Thirst, and threw away his spare tyres as useless. His troubles were getting on his nerves, and so anxious was he to get away again that he rushed off on a track that led nowhere, ending at some ruins fifty miles west of the regular route. Fortunately, he discovered his mistake when he got to the ruins, and got back to Bidon Cinq before his tyres again gave trouble. Had he not done so, he, his wife, and niece might not have been found alive.

We came across them two days later, at about midnight, in a desolate stretch of desert over the Sudan border. Our Ford "V-8" glided up silently, so that they did not wake up. The three were wrapped in white burnouses, and huddled together for warmth in the lee of an up-ended camp bed, looking for all the world like three little white mice under the great white moon. When we awakened them, their gratitude was almost pathetic. They had just one quart of water between the three of them, and only a few scraps of food. They could not blow up their tyres when they had mended them, and had waited for two scorching days and icy nights for somebody to come along with a tyre-pump.

One of the most experienced officials of the Transsaharienne Company, M. Bauret, also had considerable trouble in getting to Gao. He had bought a very ancient Chevrolet in Colomb-Béchar, for he had lent his own car to a stranded airman. Evidently the previous owner had had a lot of trouble with the radiator, for it was so full of solder and sealing dope that the water just wouldn't flow through it. Bauret, accompanied by his wife and the daughter of General Franquet, struggled as far as Bidon Cinq, taking on, from secret reserves which he knew of, no less than 180 litres (nearly 50 gallons) of water. He next made a condenser out of an oil-tin nailed to the roof, gave that idea up as a failure, and then decided to put an 11-gallon drum instead of the radiator, using it like the cooling-tank of a stationary engine. Off he went again, but boiled worse than ever. Luckily, he met a north-bound lorry, put his Chevrolet on board, and carried it bodily back, 300 miles, to Reggan, where he fitted the radiator off an old Citroën truck. Without even waiting for a night's rest, he turned straight round and, single-handed, drove nearly 1000 miles to Gao, without stopping except for petrol!

The new HILLMAN "FOURTEEN" *is a sturdy car of moderate cost, built to the ideal of the medium horse-power motorist. It has high performance and plenty of room for five. The engine is a smooth and powerful 13·9 h.p. four-cylinder, "Triflex" cushion-mounted. Synchromesh is provided to all four gears, and Even-keel independent front-wheel suspension is a feature which makes the car comfortable over even the worst road-surface. The saloon is priced at £248.*

A third party broke axle-shafts at short intervals, each time having to dismantle the entire back-axle and differential to effect a repair—an unpleasant job with the thermometer at 95 deg. in the shade, and choking dust-clouds blowing all around, filling the axle with sand, and the motorist's eyes, nose and gears with coarse-grained dust. Eventually they broke their last shaft 200 miles from Gao, and sat down patiently to await help. They had plenty of food and water, a shot-gun and a tent, so could afford to take things calmly. Deliverance came sooner than they expected, for the breakdown van of the Transsaharienne Company had started out as soon as it was realised that something was amiss, and turned up at the "Camp du Dernier Arbre" early next morning.

A day or two later, one of the company's own lorries pushed a couple of connecting rods through the crank-case, and was stuck four hundred miles from the nearest depot while another was *en panne* at Bidon Cinq. I have crossed the Tanezrouft in a Morris "Ten," and, quite recently, on a Ford "V-8." But, for all that, I still maintain that the desert crossing is not easy, and a stout car is needed to stand up to the sand, the rocks, and the shattering bumps.

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What's yours?

—mine's a Pimm's No. 1

X-mas marks the spot for wassail and whoopee. It comes but once a year. Let's have no-el of a time. Ahoy there, varlets. Bring in the stuffed boar's head and the striped bull's eyes. Bring out the Pimm's No. 1. Pimm's is the original Gin Sling. The primeval nectar. Known to middle-aged stockbrokers since the Middle Ages. Hang up your stocking for Pimm's this Christmas or, if you don't believe in fairies, zoom over to a wine shop and buy a bottle for yourself. It costs 12/6. It makes *seven pints*. It makes the party go. Pimm-pimm-hooray!

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THE LONG DRINK WITH A CLICK IN IT

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXIX.

WHAT IS HALF A QUICK TRICK?

THE answer to this, of course, is " There ain't no such thing." You can't bid half a trick and you can't win half a trick, but in bridge affairs, when we talk of half a trick we mean a card combination that has a 50 per cent. chance of winning a trick—*i.e.*, it will win a trick on one occasion and fail to win a trick on another occasion. A guarded king is the customary set-up of half a trick—the king will win if the ace lies on its right, but it won't win if the ace lies on its left, and that (the position of the ace) is clearly a 50 per cent. chance. It is not the purpose of this article to argue the rights and wrongs of this proposition—a proposition that looks very sound on paper, but which in actual card practice is not sound at all. No; the point I want to get at is what is a trick and a half, and does a trick and a half differ from one trick and half a trick?

It is strange that this very point should crop up at the card-table immediately after what appeared in these notes last week about system players wanting it both ways, but it so happened that on the way to a club to play in a " knock-out " competition my partner asked me to play a " one-club " convention, and impressed upon me the great importance of not opening with " one club " unless I held three tricks and a half, and that half must be a genuine half-trick—nothing problematical about it, and so on. Of course, I agreed to do my best, and I dealt this hand—

Spades—A, 10, 6, 5, 4.
Hearts—6, 5.
Clubs—6, 5.
Diamonds—10, 9, 3, 2.
B
Y——————Z
A
Spades—K, Q, 3, 2.
Hearts—A, 3, 2.
Clubs—A, Q, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—Kn.

The bidding was: A, one club; B, one diamond; A, two clubs; B, two spades; A, four spades. Z led a diamond, and when I put my hand down my partner sat back aghast and wanted to know where were those three tricks and a half to justify my one-club bid? I said, " This hand looked to me like having 3½ tricks." " Nothing like it!" said my partner. " You need at least the king of diamonds guarded." " Isn't the queen of clubs sitting beside the ace as good as the guarded king of diamonds?" I asked. " Certainly not, especially when I told you not to bid one club unless you held at least three and a *real* half tricks." Now, there were no fewer than three remarkable things about this hand: (1) the trumps were divided, the club finesse came off, so we made a small slam; yet (2) had I not opened the bidding, the cards would have been thrown in; (3) if I had held the king of diamonds guarded instead of the queen of clubs, we could not even make game. These self-evident facts in no way appeased my partner, for when I asked what I should bid on such cards, he just said: " Anything but a club!" And that was scarcely informative. Anyhow, later on I dealt myself spades, A, x; hearts, A, x, x; clubs, K, Q, Kn, 10, 9; and diamonds, Q, Kn, 9, and opened the bidding with *two* clubs, which was left in. Had I dared to bid *one* club, we 'd have reached a game bid.

When the session was over, an opponent said to me: " A little time ago I had a very similar hand to the one you bid that one club on. My partner and I were playing the same convention, and I did *not* bid a club—I bid one no-trump, but this time it was not my partner who went for me: it was an opponent, who implied that my bid was all but cheating!" So I still don't know what half a trick is—or a trick and a half, anyway.

By changing just one card in Y's hand in the double dummy problem, the solution of which was given last week, we get another problem, but now a problem in defence. Thus—

Spades—K, Q, 2.
Hearts—Q, 9, 5.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—A, 7.
B

Y		Z
Spades—10, 9.		Spades—8, 7.
Hearts—None.	Y Z	Hearts—A, 10, 8.
Clubs—A, Kn, 8, 7, 6.		Clubs—None.
Diamonds—10.		Diamonds—Q, 9, 8.

A
Spades—A, 4.
Hearts—7, 6.
Clubs—K, Q, 9.
Diamonds—5.

Spades are trumps. A leads the five of diamonds, but *YZ* are to win three tricks against any attack.

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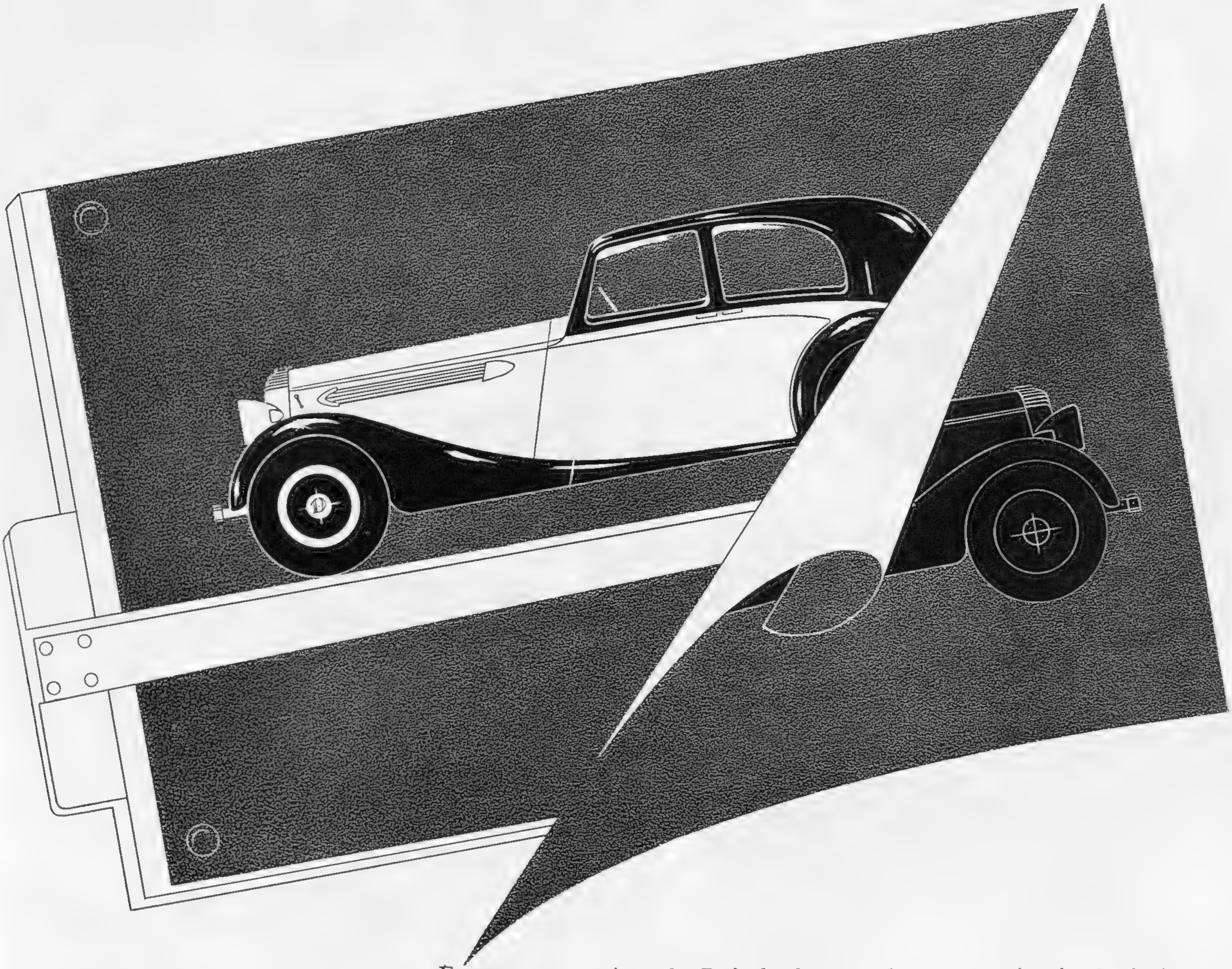

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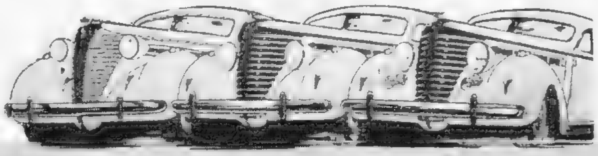

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I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW: *by Mary Young*
HOW TO KNIT A BOXING SWEATER
"CHRISTMAS CAFETERIA": *by A. H. Adair*
CHRISTMAS FOOD AND DRINK—THINGS YOU MUST HAVE

IN THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS — PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

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perfumes
for
Christmas
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CITY NOTES.

(Continued from page 542.)

"It couldn't have done. All the prices have risen since I told you to buy the shares. Cost you money, indeed!"

"I meant that the Christmas Number did. Like a fool, I said something to them at home, quite casually, about the marvellous way the pages of presents were printed. That did it. Not much use telling them I am window-dressing this year."

"You had to dress your women-folk instead, eh? Never mind. You were martyred in a noble cause. What did they buy?"

"What didn't they! To add insult to injury, they insisted upon getting me something too! Said it was only fair, and I could add it to the cheque. And yet they tell you that the Woman Always Pays!"

"So she does: with her husband's money," The Jobber affirmed. "Still, it's getting near Christmas, so you can't grumble."

"Can't I? Unless some of my things go up, and that right soon, you'll see me going through the Bankruptcy Court *via* the Court of Divorce."

"Cheer up, Jeremiah! You've still got a profit on your West African mining shares."

"Yes, there is that about it," the victim acknowledged. "And I'm thankful for the rise in South Africans; I have too many of them for my financial comfort."

"But they're all taken up and paid for?"

"Of course. Only they've come down such a lot this year."

The Broker assumed that there cannot be many people whose capital has escaped depreciation in the past twelve months.

"Fairly severe depreciation, too," added The City Editor. "I started doing my annual tables of comparison last night. Some of the falls are very drastic."

"Did you find many rises?"

"I haven't finished the job yet. Most of the changes have a minus sign against them. It's been a bad year for capital."

"And a good one for income. That's the funny part about it. We've had one shock after another to bring down the prices, but the dividends and earnings are up on the year in numbers of cases."

"Proving once more that you can't expect to have everything you want."

"You would expect, though, that good earnings implied good share prices."

"The effect of the shocks has been greater than the influence of good trade," said The City Editor oracularly. "The truth of the matter is that people imagine we have come to the peak of a prosperity thats based upon the rearmament programme——"

"But all the experts deny that. According to them, national trade and industry are in a sound and flourishing state."

"When the public develop a cautious complex, all the experts in the world can't cure it. Time, and time only, will do that."

"Then it's time that Time got busy about it."

"I think you're wrong there," The Engineer challenged. "My own view is that what you want, even more than time, is a definite upward movement in market prices. That's more effective, and quicker in operation, than all the talk of all the experts."

"Ah, but you can't have a recovery, or a rise in prices, unless somebody comes along to start the ball rolling with a string of buying orders."

"They tell me," The City Editor remarked, "that the last rise in Kaffir shares was due to buying by the 'shops.'"

"For which we owe them thanks. My grandchildren are beginning to feel more happy about their grandfather's West Wits."

"You've still got them? West Wits, I mean. Bit of a mug to have kept the shares, weren't you?"

"A very large-sized mug, as things have turned out. But I told you all along that the shares are an out-and-out gamble for future reference. The property is large enough to turn out to be a new gold-field in course of time. On the other hand, it may not."

"But, so far, Venterspost is developing well. Doesn't that rather help the grandchildren? There may be a dozen more babies of the same sort in the West Wit. area."

"Two dozen, perhaps. It's all a gamble on what there is in the ground. You have qualified engineers on the spot, and their reports are sufficiently encouraging to make me persist in the possible error of sticking to the shares."

"What you ought to have done," The Jobber pointed out, "was to have sold the shares at $19\frac{3}{4}$ and bought them back at $5\frac{1}{4}$. Then you could have taken the family to the Pantomime on the profit, and put the balance into Savings Certificates."

"Well, I didn't. So that's that. What's the use of jobbing backwards? It gets you nowhere, and life is too short for vain regrets. Besides, just now we are all thinking about Christmas presents, aren't we?"

"That's true by me," assented The Merchant, with a somewhat sketchy smile. "Tell me not in Christmas numbers, presents are an empty dream. Window-dressing in my slumber, bankrupt—that is what I seem."

Friday, Dec. 10, 1937.

SAFETY OF CAPITAL
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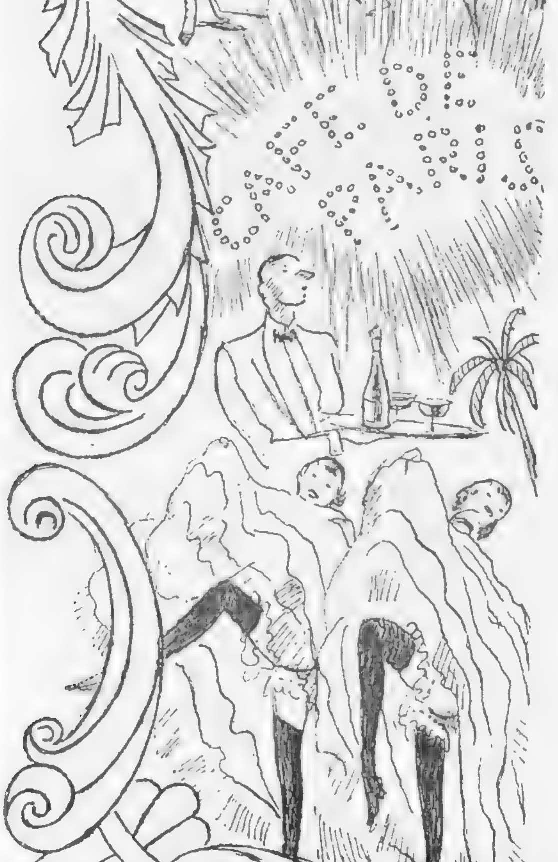


MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS: Hotel de Paris—opening Gala *December 20*; INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—OPENING OF THE SEASON, *December 22*; Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; International Bridge Tournament, *January 17-30*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Club Championships, *January 24-30*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19*; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29*; Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3*; Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24*.

MUSIC and THEATRE: Concerts (conducted by Bruno WALTER)—Recitals by KREISLER, CORTOT, THIBAUD and BRAILOWSKY; Wagner Festival; Opera — Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22*; "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29*; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27*; Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18—January 24*; SACHA GUITRY, *January 20*; Comédie Française—official performances *during February*; Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets.)

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

SNOB SONG.—*(Continued from page 512.)*

" Might as well know the worst," he laughed. " Here you are."

She seized the coin and secreted it in the pocket of her seedy, jet-trimmed jacket. Taking his hand, she did not speak for a moment. The chauffeur had finished his job, and was again in his seat. At last she looked up—her black eyes shining and inscrutable.

" And ye—you 'll get your heart's desire, and soon, too."

And with that she started off down the road.

" Come on, Jean! What are you waiting for ? " called Lady Basset crossly. " We 'll be late for lunch as it is."

They hurried back into the car, and it started off again towards Inverlynn. George felt very gay. The gypsy's words had cheered him up, and Jean's playful banter added to the feeling that his luck was in.

After a time they ran into Inverlynn, and George took leave of the Bassets.

" I wish you were coming on with us," said Jean as they shook hands, " but you 're so grand——"

" Not a bit of it," he replied, " but, you see, I promised——" Deciding that he was being pompous, he changed his tone. " I wish I was, too, Jean, my dear."

" Well, good-bye, Mr. Baker. We really must be getting along," cut in Lady Basset impatiently. " Good-bye."

With cheerful farewells from Jean and a few valedictory grunts from Sir John, the car moved off, leaving George at the door of the hotel, hat in hand and a curious feeling in his heart. Jean was a charming girl—really charming. Rather ordinary, perhaps, but nevertheless he would certainly ring her up when they all got back to London. He turned and entered the hotel. There a very gay luncheon-party was already in progress, and George was greeted with shouts.

" Got off with Etty Basset ? " from Barney.

" Virginia 's gone on—she had a date," from Elwyn.

" A date at Glenbogles—how bracing ! " rather acidly from the Duchess. Was it her imagination or had Elwyn been unnecessarily instructive about the gears ? With the chauffeur there, too !

George sat down and joined in the conversation, but the thought of Jean stuck in his brain. He found himself criticising where once he had always applauded. Elwyn was drinking brandy—too much brandy : his eyes had gone a curious pink colour. George wondered why he had never noticed before, and from time to time he hiccoughed. His wife seemed to be in a bad humour. Her beautiful white neck was mottled, and her eyes were feverishly bright. When she talked her voice was very shrill. Barney was quite frankly drunk—his success in life was to a great extent due to his good form when inebriated. George remembered Jean's eyes and the queer yellow lights in her hair. Would they never get up ? The table was a litter of dirty glasses and cigarette-ends. The other occupants of the hotel dining-room—for the most part worthy Glasgow people on holiday—had long since left, disapproval written on their faces. George looked at his watch—it was after half-past three. He told Elwyn so.

" God ! I said we 'd be at Diana's at four. Let 's go."

They got up with a clatter. The windows of the stuffy dining-room were misty, but outside the sun was shining. Dixon, the chauffeur, was nodding over the wheel of the car. Elwyn woke him with the words : " We 've only got half an hour, Dixon. Can you make it ? "

Dozing in the sun had made the man hot and cross. He answered, a definite note of defiance in his obsequious voice : " No, your Grace, not possibly."

" Nonsense ! "

" What does it matter, Elwyn ? " broke in the Duchess. " There 's no hurry."

" That 's not the point. We 're going to get there in half an hour. I 'll drive."

" But you can't—you 're——"

She broke off there, an anxious note in her voice.

" Can't I ? "

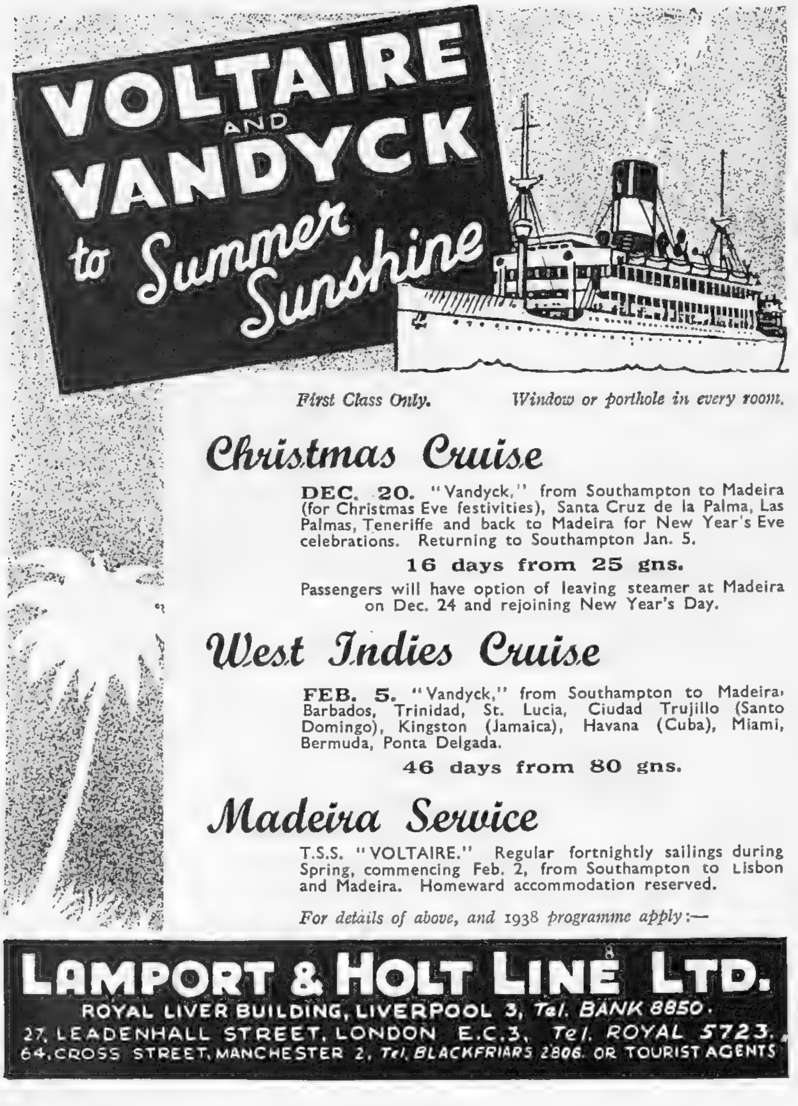
It was a disagreeable scene, wrangling in the street, thought George, and tried to put a stop to it by saying, " I can do it in half an hour, I think."

Elwyn turned on him furiously. " Think I can't drive my own car ? Get in, you fool, and keep quiet ! "

George shrugged his shoulders and followed the Duchess into the back of the car, where Barney was sitting laughing.

" Elwyn 's blind—this is suicide ! My God, what a joke ! "

They started, and soon George decided that perhaps Elwyn was not as drunk as he appeared. He seemed to be driving quite carefully. Once outside the town they cruised along at a steady sixty, but the roads were empty and the surface was quite dry. After some ten minutes they entered a small valley, overhung with trees ; at the bottom of the slope there was a turning, and the surface there was wet. They skidded, not seriously, but enough to make Barney shout out. [Continued overleaf



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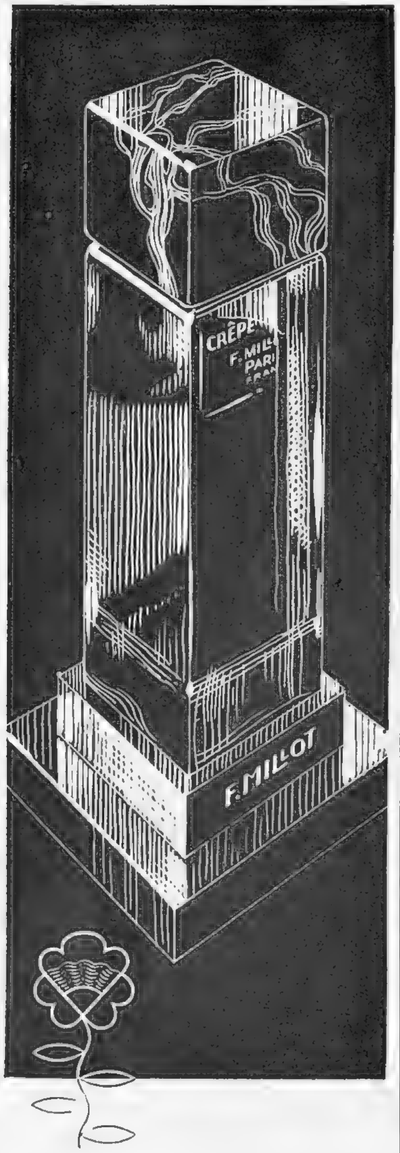

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Continued.]

"Steady, old boy! Don't forget you 're bottled!"

From then on a change came over the driver of the car. George saw the muscles of his neck tighten as he pressed his foot on the accelerator. The chauffeur sat forward, anxiously watching the speedometer. They were travelling at a mad speed—seventy, eighty miles an hour. The Duchess crouched in the corner of the car: she was frightened, and kept whispering words that were blown, as soon as spoken, over her shoulders and left behind—far down the road to the south.

"He 's mad! Oh, God, be careful!"

And Barney made inaudible drunken jokes, chuckling to himself. George was silent. He was very calm, and was thinking of the newspapers, and what they would say if there was a smash. But there would not be one. He often had been as fast as this before and been quite all right. But not with a drunken man at the wheel. He visualised the headlines—

TERRIBLE CAR SMASH: TITLED VICTIMS

and then all their names—the Duke and Duchess, Barney, his own, and the chauffeur, Dixon.

Away to the right lay a river. It ran at right angles to the road through a deep, tree-lined valley.

George smiled. How he had once longed to be among such company! He remembered his oath. It had been his longing—his heart's desire. The gypsy's eyes were twinkling under her grizzled brows. Why did he think of her now? His heart's desire, "and soon, too." Suddenly he felt afraid. His companions were sitting quite still. Barney grinning stupidly, and the Duchess playing with her scarf. They seemed calmer, but then, they didn't know . . .

Filled with blind fear, George half-rose in his seat, shouting "Stop! Stop!" Elwyn turned his head—only for a fraction of a second—but long enough to prevent him seeing the bridge. It was of brick—very strongly built—but they went through it as if it were not there. It was a fall of fully two hundred feet, and the river-bed was strewn with great boulders. [THE END.]

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—(*Continued from Page 540.*)

not tolerate a son-in-law whose father had been in trade. Miss Streatfeild exaggerates, I think, the strength of social inequalities, but her book is meant to illustrate social and political changes as they affected a woman who, though a passive resister in the nursery, grew more conventional afterwards. Hence she emphasises the differences of speech, manner and outlook between succeeding generations. Perhaps she over-emphasises them; but she gains light and shade thereby, and her story is full of movement.

"This England."

Capacity for self-criticism is an English trait. We do not mind seeing ourselves as others see us, indeed, we take pleasure in the spectacle. Unkind observers have attributed this peculiarity to conceit, but undoubtedly it is a source of strength, and one could not find it better illustrated than in the spirit that conceived "This England," a collection of quotations from the Press, all designed to display our fellow countrymen at their most fatuous and inept. To those who have watched for their appearance in the columns of *The New Statesman*, these mementoes of our folly will need no introduction; and Low's cartoons will recommend them to a still wider public.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Out of Africa. By Karen Blixen. (*Putnam; 12s. 6d.*)
The Camford Visitation. By H. G. Wells. (*Methuen; 2s.*)
Caroline England. By Noel Streatfeild. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
This England. (Published by the *New Statesman and Nation; 1s.*)

THE EXHIBITION OF 17th-CENTURY ART IN EUROPE.

Everyone interested in the Arts is all agog with excitement over the forthcoming Royal Academy exhibition of seventeenth-century Art in Europe, which is to be our winter treat at Burlington House. The news that the King has graciously lent two important Rubens landscapes from Buckingham Palace, some superb miniatures, including an Isaac Oliver of the Queen of Bohemia; Samuel Coopers' of Lady Castlemaine, the Duke of Monmouth, and Mary, Princess of Orange; and a Peter Oliver of Henrietta Maria; and notable drawings from the famous Windsor Castle collection adds to one's anxiety to see the show, and it is also exciting to learn that a small but interesting section will be occupied by musical instruments of the period. These will include a harpsichord by Andreas Ruckers, a member of the famous family of keyboard instrument-makers. It is a beautiful object with a green and gold case and a lid painted by Pieter Codde with mythological subjects. When it was last in the sale-room it had been fitted with an eighteenth-century pianoforte action, but its original movement has now been restored. Then there will be a charming Flemish chamber-organ to admire. This is made like a cabinet, but when you open the doors you see that it is an organ with the pipes arranged in false perspective as the columns of a vaulted hall, with a red and white floor.

GIVE "Nell Gwynn" Candles this Christmas and their thank-you letters will be more than mere polite formalities. "Nell Gwynn" Candles are lovely ornaments in themselves, which add beauty and charm to any style of furnishing. They are packed as good things should be packed, shedding new light on old relationships and bringing a glad greeting to new found friends.

Why you should insist on Nell Gwynn Candles

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A diamond of such quality,
I simply must forego.
They wouldn't mark it down in price
It cost too much, and so
For something less than half, I thought,
I'll get some Double Diamond Port.

Messrs. Morgan Brothers beg to state that when you want a Port, equal in quality to that most famous of all crown jewels, the "Koh-i-noor", you'll get it for 6/6 a bottle—but you must insist on

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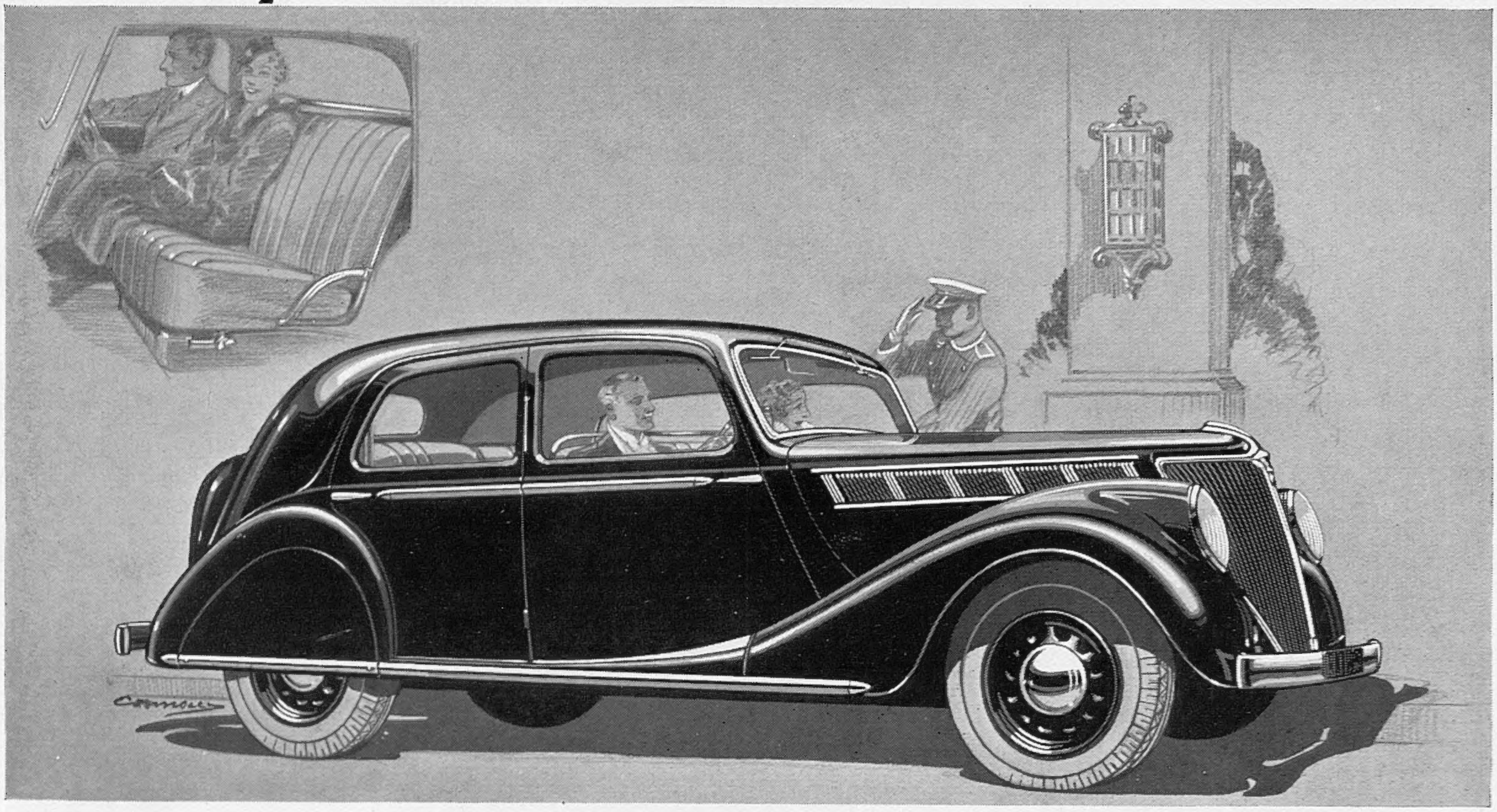

• • • in Everything except Price and Running-Costs . . . .

For the motorist who likes to savour the thrill of surging power . . . who likes to offer his passengers the gliding, silent comfort of a big saloon and the reassuring safety of powerful mechanical Servo brakes . . . who, nevertheless, believes that something between the three-and-four-hundred mark is a reasonable price to pay for his car . . . for such was the Renault 6-cylinder 6-seater created.

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And Renault gives this big, handsome, *distinguished* Saloon a big, sturdy engine—big and big-hearted. A car, in truth, that is BIG in everything except its initial cost and its upkeep expenses.

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SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, DECEMBER 8.

ACROSS.—1. Forth. 6. Ingot. 9. Earthen. 10. Lover. 11. Trade. 12. Swede. 13. Strands. 16. Nines. 19. Peri. 20. Clean Slate. 22. Recitation. 24. Term. 25. Sneer. 27. Florida. 31. Chill. 33. Peach. 34. Ensue. 35. Engages. 36. Reels. 37. Expert.

DOWN.—1. Films. 2. Rover. 3. Heron. 4. Brass Plate. 5. Shoe. 6. Intents. 7. Grain. 8. Trees. 14. Therein. 15. Alibi. 17. Entered. 18. Camouflage. 21. Later. 23. Torches. 25. Super. 26. Evade. 28. Obese. 29. Issue. 30. Avert. 32. Iago.

When selecting Christmas cards shoppers should remember the special publications of the Trustees of the British Museum. Beautiful colour reproductions of masterpieces of mediæval religious art, of Oriental paintings, or of British water-colours are obtainable with printed words of greeting, and envelopes to match, for the price of 3d. each. Facsimiles of drawings at 2s. 6d., 4s., or 5s. make more important gifts. The new subjects now on sale in this series include Raphael's "Madonna and Child"; Botticelli's "Allegory of Abundance," and "The Emperor Seeking Inspiration," an Oriental painting.

The Ward Gallery Christmas Cards and Calendars offer a most attractive range of publications. They include reproductions of lino-cuts, wood-cuts, wood engravings and landscapes in oils and water-colours by well-known modern artists. The Almanacks by Rowland Hilder are delightful; and the books for very young children, which include stories by Helen and Alf Evers, are highly attractive. Good taste, variety, and distinction allied to moderate price make the Ward Gallery cards excellent value.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" (Westminster). 7.—Greek tragedy New-Englandised at length. Superb acting.

"ROBERT'S WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in a play which makes you ponder. Magnificent acting.

"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge at their scintillating best.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"OH, YOU LETTY" (Palace). 8.15.—Gay musical comedy—well suited to Sydney Howard, Wylie Watson, Bertha Belmore, Phyllis Stanley.

"THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—Charles II. and Pepys the diarist as makers of the British Navy.

"THE PHANTOM LIGHT" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good work by Gordon Harker and Edna Best in a thriller.

"PEOPLE AT SEA" (Apollo). 8.30.—A good Priestley night's psychological entertainment; with excellent acting.

"IT'S IN THE BAG" (Saville). 8.30.—A very bright revue.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a quadrangular drama.

"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—Brilliant ice spectacle, with gold medallist performers.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30. — Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"100 MEN AND A GIRL" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Deanna Durbin forms an orchestra.

"DEAD END" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A powerful adaptation of a drama set in the New York slums.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real life drama vividly reconstructed.

"UN CARNET DE BAL" (Studio One).—French star-cast in a story of a sentimental quest.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"UNDERWORLD" (Curzon).—A French screen version of Maxim Gorki's famous drama.

Walter Wanger's "VOGUES OF 1938" (Odeon).—Brilliant Technicolor cavalcade of fashion and a dressmaker's romance, starring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett.

"MONICA AND MARTIN" (Berkeley).—German comedy of a hoax in Berlin's artistic circles.

"LO SQUADRONE BIANCO" (Academy).—An Italian military drama set in the Libyan desert.

"THE LAST ADVENTURERS" (Academy).—A rousing tale of the Grimsby trawlers.

"STAND-IN" (Tivoli).—Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell in a satirical comedy of a Hollywood studio.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

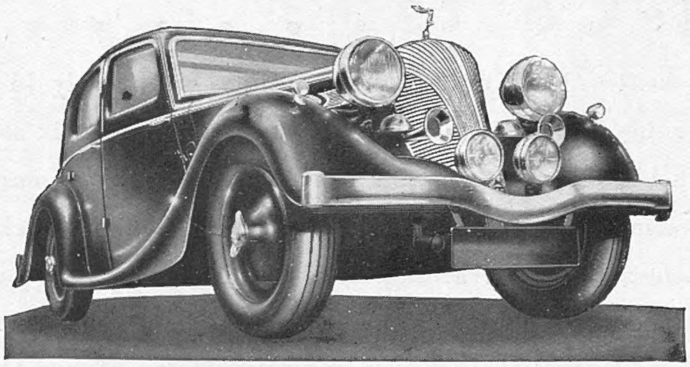
"MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR" (London Pavilion).—Dita Parlo, John Loder and Erich von Stroheim in a secret service melodrama.

"THE BARRIER" (Plaza).—Romance and drama against an Alaskan background.

"THE SINGING MARINE" (New Gallery).—Dick Powell in a musical romance.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

MAKING A MOTOR CAR



Hundreds of parts go into the manufacture of a single car. Thousands of men and women—white, black and yellow—contribute to the making of these parts. Antimony from Borneo, cotton from America, rubber from Malaya, iron and steel from English furnaces—scarcely an industry exists which does not contribute in some way to the construction of the modern car.

It is in the treatment of these primary products that decides the character and quality, the performance and stamina, of the ultimate machine. One may be inclined to assume that cars nowadays are much of a muchness, whereas in fact almost every part CAN be different in quality, suitability and design.

Mass production methods have in a few short years rushed the motor industry into a position of great national importance, but the advantage of cheapness is inseparable from the disadvantage of sameness, and the limitations imposed by the necessity to design and build for the cheap market.

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